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Pro-Slavery.

THE DECLINE OF ABOLITIONISM.

From The (Richmond, Va.) South.

THE youngest among us well remember when, outside the Southern States of this Union, no apologist of negro slavery could be found in all the world. From 1830 to 1850 the fanaticism of abolition raged throughout Christendom with resistless fury. The desolation of Jamaica is a trophy of its conquests in the day of its power. But that was not its only achievement. It pervaded society, it corrupted literature, it debased religion, it perverted justice, it controlled legislation, it directed the policy of governments. In fact, for a full half century the anti-slavery sentiment dominated the world; and if its progress had not been arrested, the present generation would have witnessed the consummation of its enterprise.

As on the turn of the tide, so in this moral reaction the first refluent wave escaped observation. It was only after the waters had sensibly subsided that men began to notice the ebb, and to mark its decline by permanent landmarks.

From the beginning abolitionism was based upon a misconception of the physical and moral constitution of the negro. He was taken for a man, in every respect the equal of the white races. The prevalence of classic literature had imbued the public mind with certain abstract and absolute ideas of liberty, which were straightway applied to the condition of the negro. In the light of these principles it was easy enough to demonstrate the hardship and injustice of his bondage. Nor could the advocates of slavery plant themselves upon any more solid ground than equivocal apology, so long as they acknowledged the equality of the negro.

The Abolitionists pressed their advantage, with all the zeal of fanaticism, until the slaveholder was reduced to the alternative of abandoning the institution or supporting it by some better defence. He would not give up his property without a struggle. But it was idle to think of perpetuating it by flimsy excuses. If it was a wrong against conscience, there was no use in pleading the impossibility of extirpating it, for that was an impeachment of the wisdom and justice of Providence. If it was a political evil, society might at least mitigate its effects and prepare for its eventual abolition. In this dilemma the slaveholder had no choice but to explore the foundations of the institution, and to ascertain the chances of supporting it upon a more stable and secure basis. Accordingly a few thinking men in the South set themselves diligently to the work. Already had statesmen demonstrated the sufficiency of the government, when fairly administered, to protect the rights of the South. The question then arose, by what means might slavery be guaranteed against the decay which must be its condition so long as it was destitute of support in reason and philosophy.

The first result from this inquiry was the lesson of observation. It was everywhere seen and universally acknowledged that the moral and physical energies of the negro were best developed in the condition of slavery. But this must be due to some peculiarity of organization; and sure enough anatomy has exhibited his inferiority to the gaze of the world. The subordination of the negro in the relations of society is the result of that inferiority of endowment which science reveals. Thus we gained a great point. It had been already shown that slavery was not absolutely evil, in the sight either of reason or of scripture. The strength of its legal guarantees were admitted even by its bitterest foes. And now philosophy demonstrated its harmony with the peculiar nature of the negro—demonstrated, in fact, that slavery is the condition of his highest development and greatest happiness. Of course these discoveries sufficed for the satisfaction of the slaveholding community, insomuch that at the present moment abolitionism is as exceptional as atheism in the South.

The promulgation of this new philosophy of negro slavery was at first attended with some derision in the North, but its subsequent progress has been so rapid as to warrant a reasonable hope of its ultimate triumph in the strongholds of abolitionism. It is more silently efficacious than publicly advocated. Its power is out of all proportion to the number of its avowed disciples, because its profession involves some political disabilities. If we would appreciate its effect, we have only to mark the decline of abolitionism in the North. No doubt the Anti-Slavery party, as a political organization, is still strong and aggressive. But how with the anti-slavery sentiment? Is negrophilism yet rampant over the North? The truth is that the feeling or conviction of abolitionism has decayed so rapidly within the last two years, that it now plays but an insignificant part in the politics of the North. Even the anti-slavery issue is ignored by the Anti-Slavery party. In Congress, we hear nothing about the wrongs of the negro. The newspapers of the North are engaged in the discussion of other topics. There is a disgust for *Uncle Tom* literature, and Mrs. Stowe is an obsolete scribbler. And more significant than all, it is now perfectly plain that the Presidential election of 1860 will be suspended upon some other than the slavery issue.

Such has been the revolution of public opinion in the United States on the subject of negro slavery that we hazard nothing in predicting the ultimate extinction of abolitionism as a moral sentiment and as a political power.

In another article we propose to show that the evidences of reformation abroad are equally encouraging to the stability and universality of negro slavery.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PRO-SLAVERY OPINION ABROAD.

From The (Richmond, Va.) South.

ANY man at all attentive to the indications of public opinion abroad will observe a reaction in favor of slavery among European nations. This change of sentiment is especially noteworthy in the countries with which we hold most frequent and familiar intercourse. As to France, the Emperor has actually re-established the slave trade, with the evident sanction of his subjects. Perhaps it is not generally known that the Great Napoleon was the enemy of abolitionism. When First Consul, he expressed himself in these emphatic words in condemnation of the folly of emancipation in the West Indies, "Well, then, had I been at Martinique, I should also have been on the side of the English. I am for the whites, because I am white. How was it possible to grant liberty to the Africans, to men without any kind of civilization? It is quite evident that those who proposed the emancipation of the blacks must wish for the slavery of the whites; but after all, do you suppose that if the majority of the Convention had seen what they were doing and been acquainted with the Colonies, they would have persisted in granting freedom to the negroes?" In accordance with these views of policy, Napoleon the First made an unsuccessful attempt to reduce the insurgent blacks of Hayti to subjection.

Whether the present Napoleon merely accepts the idea of negro slavery as a tradition of the Empire or has been brought to embrace it by his own clear conceptions of policy, we find him at least an avowed and active champion of the institution—not, indeed, as it exists amongst us, but with a modification of form which no way affects the principle. At first, we had some mistrust of his policy, but it is now manifest that he is earnestly intent upon the cultivation of his West India dependencies by the involuntary labor of negroes. It signifies nothing though the name be different, so long as the system of apprenticeship is essentially a system of slavery. The principle of compulsion, absolute and irresistible compulsion, is as pronounced in the control of African apprentices as in the government of our own negro slaves. Recent developments prove that force is employed to procure a supply of "emigrants," and we know that force is necessary to make them labor. So far as this French system is distinguished from Southern slavery, it imposes a harsher burden on its victims. In fact, it is slavery, and as such is promoted by the Emperor and approved by the public opinion of France.

If we turn to Great Britain, we are equally struck with the revulsion of sentiment in regard to slavery. The apostles of Exeter Hall are still feebly clamorous, and here and there a surviving cotemporary of Clarkson and Wilberforce continues to talk fanatical nonsense, but the young and practical intellect of England is obviously averse to the old anti-slavery policy. What British journal would have ventured ten years ago to dissent from the policy of the Abolitionists? What British writer would have then dared to offer a word in apology for slavery? To-day the ablest pens and the most influential papers in England are employed in ridiculing the folly of Exeter Hall, and exhibiting the absurdity of abolition agitation. In every issue of the London *Times* the world is instructed by articles in which the philosophy of negro slavery is discussed with conspicuous truth and ability. The circumstance of itself is a most significant indication of returning reason, for *The Times* never opposes the current of popular sentiment.

When to these positive evidences of the decline of abolitionism in England we add such important circumstances as the suspension of the anti-slavery crusade, the decrepitude of the anti-slavery organizations, and the decay of the old anti-slavery fanaticism, we are warranted in anticipating a renunciation of the anti-slavery principle by Great Britain and the adoption of a more just and expedient policy.

Public opinion cannot stand out against the necessities of humanity. The compulsory labor of the negro is ascertained by ample experiment to be essential to the production of the most universal and indispensable articles of human consumption. Without slavery the world cannot be supplied with the material of civilization. What then? shall mankind forego their conveniences and their luxuries, and the progress of enlightenment be arrested, in order that the negro may be permitted to doze away his existence in barbarism and indolence? Work is the law of humanity. Subordination is the rule of all social arrangement. The negro is organically inferior to the white races, and by the peculiarities of his constitution is destined for a life of labor and subjection. In a condition of slavery he attains his highest development. Then let him be compelled to work, and so be made an efficient instrument of civilization, instead of languishing in inactivity, to his own detriment and mankind's loss. Let his energies be directed, by a superior intelligence, to those results in the production of which they are most useful and indispensable. These ideas begin to prevail in communities among whom abolitionism once held undisputed ascendancy. If their progress be not interrupted by some folly or extravagance of our own, the public sentiment of the world will eventually attest its sanction of negro slavery.

SLAVERY SHOWN UP BY ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

From The (Richmond, Va.) South.

WE despair of any cure for the flunkeyism of the American people. Neither the contemptuous disparagement of Dickens, nor the offensive swagger of Thackeray, nor the abuse of other celebrities from abroad, who have repaid our kindness by a caricature of our character, has accomplished anything for the amendment of our manners. The class of tuft-hunters who infest our cities are as eager as ever to abase themselves before every foreigner of distinction who condescends to honor the country with his presence. It is but a few months since these amiable individuals were brushing the boots of one Charles Mackay—an inferior poetaster from across the ocean. He was a personage of no consequence; but as a Briton who had written books, we thought him worthy of all homage. We feted him, we toasted him, we flattered him, and, more than all, we submitted to hear him recite his own verses. Dr. Mackay was delighted, and we were recompensed by a smile of recognition from the object of our admiration.

But no sooner did Dr. Mackay escape from our presence than he forgot the civilities with which we oppressed him, and, instead of the grateful celebration of our virtues, for which we paid him in advance, he betrays his sense of our adulation by exposing us to the contempt of the world. We believe the gentleman was entertained in this city. He certainly was complimented at other places in the South. But, for all that, he is showing up slavery in the picture paper which he publishes at London. In derogation of our institutions he has exhausted the resources both of prose and of poetry. A cargo of negroes on a steamboat inflamed him to a Pindaric outburst of indignation. The sight of a slave-pen in New Orleans suggested a revolting representation of Southern society. What "distinguished foreigner" will next enjoy our hospitalities and libel our character?

Selections.

LIBERIA AND THE FRENCH "EMIGRATION" SCHEME.

From The London Daily News, June 29.

SOME recent conversations in the House of Lords have satisfied us that we are not going out of our way, or dragging other people out of theirs, in exposing, as we did some months since, the origin and character of the Monrovian Settlement on the coast of Africa. Any of our readers who may happen to remember what was told in our columns of the derivation of the population of Liberia, the condition of industry there, the temper of the immigrants, the prospects of the colony, and its relations with the tribes around, must have had their attention fixed by the disclosures in the Lords on Thursday last of the connection between the case of the Regina Cœli and the "free laborers" of Liberia. Lord Malmesbury evidently knows less than he ought, or he would not have said (as the report makes him say) that the Liberian Republic is "the great sanctuary of free Africans"; whether it be true or not that it is "very much protected by the English government." But Lords Brougham and Grey could possibly afford him some information, if we may judge by their warnings that a second statement of the case of the Regina Cœli may require as careful an investigation as the first: that, in fact, the two statements now made public are simply *ex parte* on the respective sides. To their warnings we would add another—that the special connection between the new French scheme of transportation of laborers and the State of Monrovia should be well noted, and vigilantly observed.

In the despatch of the Minister of Marine to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, read by Lord Malmesbury on Thursday, the statement occurs that the Regina Cœli was at Cap de Monte last October. "The chief of that place strenuously urged Captain Simon to select for his operations that portion of the coast above all others; and they both proceeded to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, in order to settle the preliminaries of the affair. The President of that Republic, on learning Captain Simon's plan, approved it so highly that he persuaded that officer to carry out his operations exclusively in the territory of the Liberian republic." The letter goes on to state the terms: the "passport duty" paid, the number of laborers stipulated for (400) to be supplied in the course of forty days. Then comes a sneer at the value of the protest made by certain parties in Liberia against the new French scheme; and, after an account of the affray, some expressions of disgust "at the weakness or complicity of the Liberian authorities"; and Lord Malmesbury declares himself surprised that the Liberian government should have allowed the escape of the negroes who swam to shore. All parties consider it a puzzling transaction altogether; and the more because the French narrators expatiate on the great advantage it will be to obtain their negroes from Liberia, above other places, because they have brought with them from America many of the ideas and habits of civilization in which they were there brought up.

These negroes—native Americans, departed to Africa against their will, or in helpless ignorance—are the persons who can probably best explain whatever mystery hangs about the seizure of the Regina Cœli, and the conduct of the Liberian authorities. The so-called Republic, with its population of free and enlightened negroes, so fit from their superiority to bless the French colonies, is the dépôt to which American planters consign slaves whom they do not know what otherwise to do with.

We have shown before, and are prepared to show again, in the words of American planters themselves, that "the first object" in establishing the so called republic was to relieve themselves "from a species of population pregnant with future danger and present inconvenience"; that is, the free blacks. In this object they failed. "Have we not," the planters inquire, "driven away the red man? "Who shall say nay when we tell the black man, 'You are not wanted?'" The black man himself said "Nay." He was an American, he said, and he chose to live in his native land, and not to be sent into a barbaric one. He would not go; and one planter undertook to speak for many in recommending the obtaining of his "consent" "by the gentle admonition of a severe flagellation." Some few went under compulsion, or in ignorance, but few of these remain. All who could escape before they were laid low by starvation and disease, or imprisoned in what they call a hell upon earth by absolute destitution, have fled from the trap by every possible opening. It may be that some ventured into the French ship as a better place than they were leaving; but the truth is, the free blacks from America are a mere fraction in comparison with the slaves. Slaves too strong in mind, or too weak in body for their owners' convenience, form a part of the population of Liberia; and a larger portion consists of slaves emancipated on the death of their masters, who, having used them as long as life lasted, frequently left directions that, when it ceased, they should be deported to Africa, and bundled out upon the shore there, like chattels as they were, because the slave States allow no free negroes within their lines. Truly does a clerical spokesman of the planters avow that in no sense whatever does the deportation of American slaves to Liberia interfere with "that providential arrangement," "the legal relation of master and servants, as owner and chattel"; and the interest of American planters in sending "laborers" to Liberia, and that of French colonial planters in fetching "laborers" from Liberia, correspond so remarkably that too close attention cannot be devoted to the coincidence.

Whence, then, the anxiety of Chiefs and Presidents on the spot to induce the French Captain to make up his number on their coast? Some of the antecedents of the authorities of the republic may throw some light on the matter. When commerce is flat, and cotton and slaves cheap in the United States, cargoes of helpless negroes are shovelled out on the African coast, and there is no knowing what to do with them. So few work, and there is so little work on foot, and destitution drives so many to theft, that the settlement is in a chronic state of famine and all the evils which attend upon it. Of all visitors (up to a recent time), the most welcome to the authorities were Spanish and Portuguese traders, who would lay down doubloons and take away starving negroes. A large proportion of the small trade of the colony was carried on with slave-traders; and one branch of colonial manufacture was, some years since, shackles for the slave ships. One of the Secretaries of the colony was for a long time in the service of a slave-trader within the territory, and the Governor afforded such facilities for slave-trading that two markets actually existed—one at New Sesters and another at Galinhas. As for the colonists who were rich enough to employ labor, they frequently purchased slaves, and advised others to do so as the only means of obtaining steady service. Again, slavers condemned at Sierra Leone have been occasionally purchased by citizens of Monrovia, through just such an agency as Captain Simon may have found at his command and handed over to slave-traders. These facts may enable us to see how certain authorities in the Republic may have warmly encouraged the French scheme, and how others, or they themselves, may have been unable to deliver up the escaped "murderers." They justify the claim urged by Lords Brougham and Grey for explanation as to whether the "emigrants" were shackled on board the Regina Cœli. We may see how it is probable that this particular set of negroes was not kidnapped up the country, but might be easily tempted to go on board, in hope of leaving a place where they "could not live," as their wretched forerunners have often said. We may understand how, if they found themselves treated as slaves on board, the remembrance of their former slavery prompted them to escape. We may understand how a good deal may remain to be explained; and also how, amidst sundry cross-purposes, there may be "a providential arrangement," as clerical slaveholders are wont to say, by which the negroes whom it suits American planters to deport may find their way to French colonial planters to whom it is convenient to import them. Liberia has been repeatedly exposed as a slave-market since it was called a republic. It is for the parties to certain treaties to see that it is not so now, by a circuitous, any more than a direct, process.

From the same, July 5.

Few invitations are so unwelcome and displeasing as that which good people are bound in conscience to accept occasionally—to look into the beneficent schemes to which they have given their money and their exertions, and in which they have invested many kindly hopes. Such an invitation is now tendered (and we, on our part, beg to add our enforcement) to the well-intentioned supporters of the Liberian settlement on the west coast of Africa. There never was a time when it would not have been better for the white and black races on three continents that the true character of the so-called republic of Liberia should be understood; but the duty of investigation can be no longer deferred now that the case of the Regina Cœli is before the world, surrounded by details which members of our government and the peers who are most familiar with the politics of slavery declare they cannot understand. It is an advantage to be able to fix our attention on the point of the African coast where the proceedings of the French agents can be tracked; and if that point happens to be an ostensibly free republic, partly established by English money, connected with England by treaty, and responsible to England for the prevention of slave-trading within a certain area, the duty of investigation and constant vigilance is obligatory in the highest degree. There has been a natural unwillingness to believe any harm of Liberia. We once hoped that by our treaties with her we were extinguishing the slave trade; *that by our countenance of her we were providing an outlet from American slavery*; that by our alliance we were aiding her in civilizing the inferior tribes; and we have been a good deal surprised, in reviewing for the purpose our literature about Africa for twenty years, to see how eagerly and anxiously reviewers, and philanthropists, and politicians have spurned all hints that Liberia was not what she appeared to be, and that it would be well to inquire what she was about. The scorn with which the *Edinburgh Review* treated Mr. Laird's account of the colony twenty years ago has been repeated in various forms as often as succeeding voyagers, or other good authorities, have related what was actually to be seen and heard in the town, or in any of the villages of the republic.

We request attention to a few leading facts; and if, after they have been investigated, anybody will show cause for considering the settlement a successful outlet from American slavery, and a good refuge for the free blacks of the United States, or an effective barrier against the slave trade, we, on our part, will engage to show that the slaveholders of the United States claim the enterprise as their own invention, value it as a main prop of their "peculiar institution," and use it to equalize those fluctuations in the price of their negroes and cotton which would otherwise be much more ruinous than they are. When we have all mastered the case, it will be for the government to see that our treaties with Liberia are duly observed, and that no slave trade, under any name or pretext, goes on within the dominions of the President of Liberia.

The first that we heard of Liberia was in 1832, when the agent of the American Colonization Society travelled through the kingdom, beguiling some anti-slavery leaders (Clarkson for one) *with the prospect of extinguishing American slavery by means of this settlement, and receiving a great deal of money, in sums of £7 10s., which he declared to be the amount required for liberating an American slave and settling him in the African colony.* In 1836 inquiry was made by English investigators, from end to end of the United States, when it appeared that the scheme had been at work twenty years; that its office-bearers were all slaveholders and leading politicians—Madison being one and Clay another; that, while occupying the chair of the Society, Madison and Clay had sold slaves in their own markets, and had never sent one single negro to Liberia; that, with ample funds, with the sanction of Congress and of State Legislatures, the aid of the pulpit and the press, and the personal interest of all slaveholders, the Society had achieved the removal, in twenty years, of less than 3,000 negroes, while the annual increase of the slave population alone was then above 60,000. So much for Liberia as an outlet from American slavery.

Proceeding at once (merely from consideration of space) to 1853, the thirty-sixth year of the existence of the scheme, we find by the Society's reports that the emigration to the African republic then amounted, in the whole, to 8,500 persons, of whom 4,093 were simply deported, without invitation or resistance. We have the means of showing what the condition of the colony had been a short time before this. The facts were published in the United States; and they ought to have been better attended to in England. It is true, our leading Abolitionists early signed a protest against the scheme as a pro-slavery dodge; *and in 1840 Clarkson published his repentance for having, for ever so short a time, lent his countenance to "the diabolical scheme"*; but there was a lingering hope in the hearts of many that, after all, Liberia might be the means of evangelizing and civilizing the African tribes; and they did not open their minds to the truth under this head as common sense and knowledge of the subject of colonization should have instructed them to do. They seemed to adopt the view boldly uttered by a clerical agent of the American Society in regard to the free negroes, "Here they are nuisances; there they are missionaries." It requires no very onerous investigation to discover how it answers to make "missionaries" of "nuisances." Some of the missionaries themselves entered the service of slave-traders; *and others who escaped could tell of six slavers being anchored at Monrovia for a week together, busy about slave trading affairs.* While inquiring, it may be well to make out the antecedents of every man who has, within thirty years, been a prominent office-bearer in the republic.

In 1854, when it was the interest of planters to send large numbers of their negroes to Africa for the most part "scarred and worn out (as their pastor writes from Monrovia), released and expatriated to a pestilential shore, as a condition of freedom," the helpless were sent up the river, out of sight, and beyond begging range, while those who had cash or ability to hold the natives in virtual slavery were allowed to remain near the coast. The natives "are not regarded," we are told by the Society's own clerical agent, "as a part of the common people. *They seem to be separated by a caste as great as that which divides the whites and colored people in America.*" Civilization is thus, he says, rendered very difficult; and it is certain that by the same means the export of laborers to the French colonies is rendered very easy. In nearly all families the cowhide is hung up handy, and the flogging, kicking and cuffing is inflicted "to a shameful extent by gentlemen of rank and standing calling themselves Christians." Such was life in Liberia in 1854. As for what death was, of 200 "emigrants" by the Banshee in 1853, one-third were dead presently. The Morgan Dix, from Baltimore, carried 151, who were declared to be landed in good plight, with agricultural implements and a saw mill; in a few months the only dispute was whether the number of survivors was nine or fourteen. These were people believed to be acclimatised; and the deaths are ascribed to hunger and neglect. When the butcher has beef to sell, six hands "grab" at it and tear to fragments the two pounds he is cutting off. So much for life and death in Liberia. We want to understand about its trade. We could supply some accounts; but not to so recent a date as the visit of the Regina Cœli. Let us entreat the benevolent persons who have invested their charity in the establishment of the settlement, and those who have pledged their energies to the protection of free laborers, to look well into the case of the colonists and the natives of Liberia, and to keep our treaties with the President of Liberia conspicuously before the eyes of that personage, and of all our other allies, as well as of the people of England.

To the Editor of The Daily News.

SIR: I have read with much satisfaction your article of Tuesday on the case of the French slave ship at Monrovia, and the participation of the "Liberian Republic," as it facetiously calls itself, in the supply of the slaves. From the French account of the transaction it is clear the cargo of slaves was supplied from within the Liberian territory—the boasted sanctuary of negro liberty. The French despatch names the sum paid by the Captain of the Regina Cœli to the Liberian government under the name of "passport" money, a new name for "head" money; and a more palpable slave trade bargain it is impossible to imagine, both on the part of buyer and seller. Having had the opportunity of hearing a good deal of what has long been going on at this boasted asylum of negro freedom, I am not much surprised at the light shed upon its real character by this startling transaction. Being in constant communication with the coast of Africa, I have heard much from time to time to excite suspicion that all was not as it should be in the "Liberian Republic," notwithstanding the industry with which it was puffed, both in America and in England. Mr. "President" Roberts came to this country, and got treaties with our government and large sums of money out of the pockets of the friends of negro emancipation, in support of the supposed immaculate asylum of the liberated African, which was to spread liberty and civilization far and wide on the coast. But although the settlement has been established for 25 years, we have never heard of anything it has produced by its industry nor of any civilizing effect it has had on the natives in its vicinity; and now we hear, on French government authority, that the captain of a French slaver is "invited" to make the territory of the "Republic" the chosen theatre of his operations for the shipment of a cargo of slaves under the mock title of free emigrants, the authorities of the government receiving tribute for the same. And this is the way the "Republic" observes its treaties with our government, and acquits itself of its moral obligations to its subscribing friends in this country and America. Of course it will be the duty of the English government to institute a searching inquiry into this gross affair of the Regina Cœli.

AFRICANUS.

DEFENCE OF THE COLONY.

To the Editor of The New York Times.

SIR: It is well for those who are interested in the welfare of the colored race, and who are sincerely opposed to slavery in any shape, especially the oppression which that unfortunate race have been compelled to endure for a long time, to be put in possession of the various stratagems which are adopted more effectually for its continuation. For a number of years the slave trade has been abolished on that part of the African shore denominated the Windward Coast, more especially upon the portion owned by and under the jurisdiction of Liberia. And such has been the good influence exerted by the Liberian government over the native tribes—an influence which has had a direct tendency to inspire the minds of the natives with the proper idea of liberty, its use and importance—that it is almost a matter of impossibility to revive that nefarious traffic on this part of the coast. This the following facts will show:

The French ship Regina Cœli, of Nantes, Captain Simons, arrived on the Liberian coast not long since, and made application to the government for leave to procure emigrants for the purpose of making a settlement on the Isle Bourbon. The application being in itself innocent, it was granted, with the understanding that, as soon as she had obtained as many as she wished, she would return to Monrovia and obtain passports for them, as they would for any other free citizens. The French ship proceeded then to Sugaree, near Cape Mount, having previously entered a part of her cargo at Monrovia. After landing his goods to one of the chiefs of that country, the inhabitants, who are reduced to a degree of poverty paralleled only in countries favoring slavery and making it an institution, very readily entered into engagements to furnish them with emigrants. They commenced to do so, and collected some hundred or more and delivered them to the French commander. But so long had the slave trade been abandoned that these emigrants had no idea of being penned up on shipboard, and began to arrange plans for regaining their liberty; but, being thwarted in every instance by premature discovery, they had well-nigh given over, as the vessel intended to sail soon for her port of destination, without even complying with her engagement to return to Monrovia for passports, a proceeding that would deprive them of their last hope of being restored to the State from which they had been removed. When, consequently, the captain went on shore to close his business and get as many more emigrants as he could, and while sending another party higher up the coast for the same purpose, the emigrants thought it a fit opportunity to carry into execution their last effort. They commenced at once, and murdered eleven Europeans who were on board, sparing the life of a French doctor, who had been exceedingly kind to them, and they took command of the ship. As she was a vessel of 800 tons burden, and rigged in such a manner that they could not control her properly, they cruised about in the vicinity of Cape Mount for several days, or rather they drifted; for when the wind blew off shore she drifted to sea, and when the wind came from sea she went in shore, till they thought proper to let go anchor. They were afraid to land, as they might again be enslaved. Finally, the English mail steamer Ethiope, Capt. Croft, at the request of the French Consul at Monrovia, went and brought her into the harbor of Monrovia, and, almost immediately after doing so, the emigrants—300 in number—made the best of their way on shore, and to their homes. Not until then did the government of Liberia know by what means these emigrants had been procured. It appears that the greater number of them had been kidnapped and forced aboard that ship, making it nothing more nor less than the actual slave trade.

Very respectfully, B. B. R. JAMES,
Judge of Liberia Court of Probate.

New York, Thursday, July 15, 1858.

NEW YORK, Monday, July 19, 1858.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Having noticed the respectful mention of my name in your Liberian editorial of last Saturday's date, July 17, I beg leave to say that, while never seeking cause to appear in print, I feel called upon to convey, in my own language, as briefly as possible, any and all the knowledge which I have concerning any "complicity" of the Liberian government with that of the French, or any of its agents, in slave-trading, or, technically, the "French African Apprentice System." No communication from President Benson has been made to the Senate in reference to the French Emigration System, or in reference to the payment of any money by them for the privilege. Hence I expressed to you my belief that the system was conducted under laws actually extant. The Liberian law declares slavery piracy, the penalty of which is death. It is natural to suppose that the traffic could not exist under such an enactment; neither have I supposed that the traffic in slavery had, at any time of my residence in Liberia, above twelve years, been carried on.

The only way in which the French could obtain and carry away native Africans from Liberia is compliance with the law regulating departures of citizens to other countries. This right of departure every citizen has in common, provided that the exercise of it affect not the rights of his fellow-citizens. To guarantee them against any injury likely to arise, the citizen is required to advertise his intention to leave the country ten days previous to his departure. If, during these ten days, no debt is discovered remaining unsettled, or no legal objection be filed in the office of the Secretary of State, the citizen may demand his passport, paying to the Secretary fifty cents at delivery. I repeat, if any Liberian has been permitted, under the sanction of any other law, to leave the country by the President, that other law has never been enrolled in the statute-book.

That money was paid to the Liberian government by the French for the privilege of shipping emigrants will be as much news to the great body of the Liberians as it is to me, if so.

E. J. ROYE.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: Has Liberia sanctioned the slave trade? Has President Benson connived at it, even by indirection? Are the emigrants that we send, at so much expense, to become free citizens in Liberia, inveigled away to French Guiana or to Cuba? These questions are pressed upon the American people, and I regret to see that to some extent, on very imperfect data, the charges implied by them are assumed to be true.

But who are the parties, and what are the facts? A French vessel, the Regina Cœli, is found at sea, by an English steamer, in possession of about *two hundred natives*, who had murdered eleven of the crew. Ex-President Roberts, who had gone up in the English steamer to retake the French vessel, was welcomed by these poor natives as *a deliverer*. He found them on board under such circumstances as convinced him that they had nearly or quite all been put on board by force, and many kept in manacles, and therefore in open defiance of the laws of the Republic. The French captain came off in his boat, and demanded his vessel, but, as important legal questions were involved, she was taken to Monrovia, and placed under the authorities of the port. The English vessel used in saving the Regina Cœli demanded salvage, which at first was refused by the French owner, Capt. Simon, but it was eventually agreed to submit the questions of salvage to the Liberian Court of Admiralty.

Meantime, as by the Liberia laws no man can be held as a slave, these poor natives landed. At this the French captain, and commandant on that station of the French man-of-war, seized the vessel—contrary and in contempt of the laws and sovereignty of Liberia—and by force took her away.

The Court of Admiralty nevertheless heard the testimony, and awarded salvage to the captain, and gave him a certified copy of the decree. On the trial of this civil suit, it was proved that the native Africans had all been taken on board contrary to the laws of Liberia, so that, had the vessel remained, she might have been libelled and sold for violating the laws against the slave trade.

The parties are, then, a French captain and his physician, who have violated the laws of Liberia, and finally, with the assistance of a national vessel, stolen away, in defiance of its authority, their ship, and, to shield themselves have made representations involving the good name, the honor and future prosperity of a small community, whose officers and whose government have previously sustained the highest reputation for fidelity.

The mere relation of these facts, it would seem, ought to strongly bias our judgment against the accuser. Yet so sensitive are we to the honor and good name of Liberia that, forgetting his crimes, Capt. Simon and his murdered crew, and the disregard of Liberian sovereignty are forgotten in this home question, is Liberia without honor or truth? And do her noblest men corruptly aid in the renewed slave trade? We answer without a doubt that the charges are incredible and unsupported by even probabilities. One ground on which they have been based is the statement of the Minister of Marine of the French government, founded on a report of Lieut. Pointel, viz., that not only was the Liberian government cooperative but solicitous to have Capt. Simon procure the emigrants in Liberia, and had actually received a large sum (1,500 piastres) for passports for 400 emigrants. This allegation we discredit for several reasons. 1. The passports are only issued when vessels are getting their clearance for a foreign port; this the Regina had not done, as her load was not completed. 2. The sum stated as having been paid for passports is incredibly large. For 400 persons the amount would have been only $200. The officer who made the report has doubtless mistaken the sum paid for Custom-House duties as paid for passports. 3. The Hon. B. B. R. James, whose word, to all who know him, is as good as his bond, says no money had been paid by the Regina Cœli for passports.

With these remarks on the charge of passports, we leave that point until the Liberian authorities can be heard from.

Another allegation has been that the emigrants were Liberians, who, being set free in America and sent out at great expense by our Colonization Society as a philanthropic measure, were thus violently sent away by the connivance of the Liberian government. This charge is based on a report by Dr. Brulais, the physician, who declared that 200 could read. To this we reply that the natives of the Vey Tribe, near Gablinas and Manna, have invented a syllabic alphabet of their own, and many of the young men can use it, and, even if Dr. Brulais's statement were true that 200 could read, it would not follow that they ever emigrated from America.

But it is not true. Mr. James, above referred to, was present in the Courts of Monrovia when the legal question of salvage was tried, and he assures me that every emigrant on board was a native African, and but one of them could even read the Vey character. Now, if there were others who could read, they must have escaped, and we learn from the papers that the French captain murdered them as they came on shore. If this is true, he ought to have been hung for shooting Liberians.

Thus much as to the two principal charges. I have not a particle of doubt that both are untrue. But there remains a duty which we owe to Liberia, to explain to the public why it is that French or any vessels have a right to her coasting trade.

This is the result of uncontrollable circumstances. Prior to the settlement of Liberia, the European nations had traded along that coast for a long period, and their subjects had acquired rights of trade from the native chiefs, which they were not willing to relinquish. Hence, when Liberia declared her sovereignty over the coast, and asked for recognition, England first and then France required this privilege for their merchants—i. e. to obtain licenses—by paying duties at Monrovia or some other port of entry.

In their circumstances, the little community which we have established, when asking for a recognition and treaty with such great nations, could not resist the demand, and it was yielded. No doubt it is a privilege capable of abuse, and very injurious, by its competition, to the Liberian merchandise; but it is a privilege which the government of Liberia cannot repudiate.

To prevent any abuse, laws have been made punishing the purchasing of slaves, confiscating any vessel which may be proved guilty of it—and in this fact we perhaps have the key to the violent and unjust act of the French commandant, who forcibly took possession of the Regina, and carried her away from the Liberian authorities.

Had she remained, and, by examination of her immigrants, it had been proved that they were slaves or held by force or in manacles, his bond would have been forfeited and his vessel condemned.

The truth seems to be that the French, being discovered in a plain violation of Liberia law, and the French commandant on the station in a gross outrage upon the sovereignty of Liberia, they are now, by misrepresentation, trying to implicate the Liberians with them. I do not doubt that Liberia will be vindicated from these charges, and would ask the public not to credit stories to her injury, until they can be examined. Every act and law, and the whole national feeling of Liberia, is against the slave trade, and they have never willingly permitted it. But for fear of making this statement too long, I would append some extracts from the Liberia laws, showing the care with which they have guarded against any attempt at taking slaves from the coast within their jurisdiction, and that President Benson could not have coöperated in the obtaining of slave emigrants without rendering himself liable to impeachment and disgrace. This, however, must be omitted, and the subject left until we receive the direct reply to these charges, which all expect from Liberia within a few weeks.

I am truly yours, J. B. PINNEY,
Cor. Sec. N. Y. Colonization Society.

LIBERIA AND COLONIZATION.

From The Times.

We give place elsewhere to a communication from the Secretary of the New York Colonization Society, in regard to the charges against the Liberian government. It must be admitted that a strong presumption is raised in favor of the alleged delinquents. The Secretary admits that no facts are officially before him contradicting the French statement; but from the statutes of Liberia, the character of the Executive, and its previous action in similar circumstances, Mr. Pinney is satisfied that the narrative of the French Minister is flagrantly mendacious. In leaving the subject—and it is the part of wisdom to leave it until facts in rejoinder are furnished by the far-off colonists—we shall only suggest a correction or two to the argument of the Secretary.

1. The report of Admiral Damelin is founded upon official information received from Capt. Simon, Lieut. Pontel, and the Anglo-French agent at Monrovia—all concurring in the discreditable tale. The testimony of Dr. des Brulais was not of an official character. As an officer of the Regina Cœli, he had displayed great kindness to the captured negroes, insomuch that he alone was spared from the massacre of the whites on board. His relation was contained in a private letter written to his father at Nantes, not destined for publication, and evidently written in perfectly good faith, with thorough knowledge of the circumstances, and warm partiality for the ill-used blacks. It was only when the subject was under lively discussion in England and France, that the elder des Brulais gave the letter to the Press, as a contribution to the scanty knowledge of the disputants. Clearly, testimony of this character is not to be confounded with stories alleged to be trumped up by individuals pandering to the prejudices of the French government.

2. Testimony merely negative is not evidence. Judge James, Mr. Roye, Mr. Chester, are all excellent, intelligent, and, we doubt not, reliable men; but when they assert that a fact did not occur because they were not cognizant of it, although it plainly might occur without their knowledge, we must be excused for requiring still further and more positive evidence to the point. If the City Comptroller were charged with peculation, Mayor Tiemann might swear fiercely that he knew nothing of the circumstances, but that would hardly acquit the accused.

3. It is unquestionably true that the laws of Liberia are stringent upon the subject of the slave trade, but unfortunately that furnishes no argument against its existence, or proof that the government does not connive at it. The laws of Spain on the same subject are extremely severe, yet a doubloon per negro in the pocket of the Captain-General, and a handsome *douceur* to the Queen of Spain, enables the trader to flood Cuba with slaves. The laws of the United States declare the slave trade to be piracy, but that does not prevent a fleet of slavers fitting out yearly from American sea-ports. The argument is, therefore, defective. A President in Africa may well be expected to act with no greater efficiency than a President in America, or a Queen at Madrid. Until we admit the colored race to be the superior race, we have no right to demand of them a superior type of morality.

We state these points, and would urge them upon the Colonization people, because we believe the entire purgation of the Liberians from this accusation to be highly important. The exculpation will be worthless if partial. Since we abandoned the traffic in the United States, and since we are suspected the world over of desiring to resume it, the allegation that an American colony on the African coast is actually tampering with the vile business does us infinite mischief. It suggests a doubt whether these anti-slavery settlements were not designed to recruit our slave markets; and it calls our sincerity in question, when we declare our freedom from all thought of returning to negro-stealing. The entire exoneration of

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

WANTED.—Three separate files of our last volume having been unfortunately burned at the shop whither they were sent for binding, we are greatly in want of several copies of the issue of May 15, 1858. Will not our friends, who do not keep permanent files, do us the favor to examine their heap of papers, and, if they can find this number, send it to us promptly by mail? They will thus entitle themselves to our thanks.

THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT.

Among the amazing developments which the last few years have brought out respecting the character of the managers of the American Tract Society, not the least remarkable has been the readiness and the frequency with which they have practised the suppression, and the perversion, and the violation of truth, in defence of their pro-slavery policy. They have amply and conspicuously illustrated in their own persons not only the danger of the first false step, and the fact that this naturally leads to another, and these to many more, but the want of principle which deliberately chooses dishonesty rather than confession and retraction; a deeper plunge into sin, to avoid the shame of admitting that they have been wrong, and the change of policy in the future which such admission would require.

The central point about which this whole tract controversy has revolved is the constitutional provision that the tracts published shall be "*calculated to receive the approval* of all evangelical Christians."

The claim of the Abolitionists, made many years ago, that the Tract Society ought plainly to testify against a sin so enormous, so corrupting, and so extensive as the practice of slaveholding, was met by its functionaries with absolute silence and disregard.

The more moderate claim, made long afterwards by members of the Tract Society itself—that it ought to publish something *about* slavery—to rebuke, at least some of its *abuses*—was met, at different successive periods, in the following manner.

1. By silence and disregard.

2. By various forms of evasion and misrepresentation, by the Secretaries, avoiding direct falsehood.

3. By the directly false assertion, signed by every member of the government, from Thomas S. Williams, President, down to William A. Hallock, Secretary (in the 31st Annual Report), that the tracts published can constitutionally be "such only as evangelical Christians throughout our country DO IN FACT unite in approving." Again, speaking of the Publishing Committee, they say, "It is not for them to decide what evangelical Christians *ought* to agree in, but what they ARE AGREED IN."

4. By the directly false statement of William A. Hallock, Secretary, in answer to the question, "Has not the Society published, on intemperance and other evils, what many evangelical Christians do not approve?"—in words italicised by himself, p. 202 of the 31st Annual Report—"*It has not.*"

We propose now to introduce evidence, from the publications of the Tract Society itself, showing the falsehood of the assertion (last quoted) of the Rev. Senior Secretary of the Tract Society; showing that some of the very tracts which denounce certain practices as sinful admit that those practices are followed and defended by some Christians.

Every one knows that most of the sects which call themselves "evangelical" are strongly opposed to attendance on the theatre; that a large majority of all the Churches assuming this title would consider such attendance in one of their members a serious fault, even in a single instance; and that the habit of such attendance, with the avowed purpose to persevere in it, would be pursued by censure, and ultimately by excommunication, on the ground of "breach of covenant obligations," by the great majority of those Churches.

So strongly has this opinion been held, and so large has been the majority holding it, that the American Tract Society has always taken strong ground against the theatre. So early as the commencement of the third of their fourteen volumes, in Tract No. 73, entitled "Fashionable Amusements"—in which the theatre is not only specified and condemned, but arguments are expressly urged against the popular objection that professors of religion indulge in such amusements—appears the following passage:

"If there is any practice in the land sinful, attendance on the playhouse is properly and eminently so. Theatres are fountains and means of vice; I had almost said, in the same manner and degree as the ordinances of the Gospel are means of grace; and I can hardly think there is a Christian on earth who would dare to be seen there, *if the nature and effects of the theatre were properly set before them.*" p. 12.

In Tract No. 130, entitled "Theatrical Exhibitions," the same ground is taken respecting the essentially vicious character of the theatre, and the admission is made, in yet stronger terms, that professors of religion—the very persons who, in the whole controversy on slavery, are assumed to be "evangelical Christians"—attend it, and justify themselves in so doing. Here is the evidence:

"The theatre is now, and ever has been, a school of vice and profligacy." p. 4.

"Many sober citizens think themselves justified in appearing within its walls; and even some *professed Christians* are seen in that school of vice and debauchery; and a few of them openly and systematically attempt to vindicate the practice."

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"By some strange concurrence of circumstances, this evil, criminal and pestiferous as it evidently is, has crept under a sort of disguise, into the Church of Christ; and has come to be considered by many as an amusement lawful for Christians! With respect to most other sins which we are in the habit of reproving, they are freely and generally acknowledged to be such; and when any of those who belong to the communion of our Churches fall into them, they are dealt with as the circumstances may require. But we have here the strange phenomenon of a great and crying sin, which some professed Christians not only indulge, but which they openly endeavor to justify; to which they freely introduce their children; and, as if this were not enough, in behalf of which they take serious offence when the ministers of Christ speak of it in the terms which it deserves." pp. 1, 2.

In Tract No. 491 is a similar condemnation of the custom of dancing, coupled with a similar admission that some Christians dance, and maintain their right to do so. Indeed the fact that they do both these things is implied in the very title of the tract, namely—"Dancing, as a Social Amusement, by Professed Christians, or their Children": and it is implied yet more strongly in a supplementary tract on the same subject, printed on the second, third and fourth pages of the cover, and entitled, "Shall Christians Dance?"

This tract declares dancing a "sinful indulgence" in Christians, a "poisonous" influence to their children. It declares that "God's word pointedly condemns dancing as a social amusement." And it affirms, p. 4,

"The great mass of the most worthy and devoted ministers and private Christians believe dancing to be utterly inconsistent with a profession of the religion of the Gospel. They are grieved, deeply grieved, that *a few continue it.*"

Here, then, we have repeated and unequivocal proofs that dishonesty in all its degrees, up to direct falsehood, has been employed by the officers of the Tract Society in support of their long established policy of refraining from all condemnation of slavery. Those who have examined the vindication of those officers recently published by Rev. Seth Bliss, late Secretary of the Boston Society, know that the same means was largely used there also, for the same end. Why need we quote documents to show the further evidence, obvious to all, that very many of those who hold the rank of "evangelical Christians" by the same tenure with the slaveholding members of the Tract Society separate from that Society both in theory and practice upon the use of wine, brandy and tobacco, the reading of novels, and the lawfulness of recreation by walking or riding on Sunday? It is evident that, through their whole course, the Tract Society have been doing the very thing which their Secretary now denies that they have *ever* done.

Professor Baden Powell, in a recent work entitled "Christianity without Judaism," intimates that the priests and rulers of the Hebrew nation often took the liberty to bend hither and thither their representations of the rule of right, to suit the supposed advantage of that nation in some present exigency; so that individual and national acts perfectly atrocious in injustice, cruelty or other wickedness are sometimes praised by them as noble and excellent. Has not the course of the Tract Society been such as to justify a similar remark in relation to them?

Again. We are told that vice, like virtue, is a matter of growth, requiring time and practice for its perfect development, so that no one sinks *suddenly* to great depths of wickedness; but that, when such a manifestation appears, we may safely judge that the offender has long, secretly if not openly, been wandering from the path of virtue. Would it be strange if we should find, on examination, that the Secretaries, the Publishing Committee and the other officers of the Tract Society had *long* been violators of truth? and if the tracts which they have all along been publishing should, if carefully scrutinized, show more conformity to the customs of a corrupt Church than to the Scriptures which they pretend to follow, and less regard to truth than to the upbuilding of the ecclesiastical system which supplies purchasers for their wares, and legacies to swell their already protuberant wealth?

One of the "special contributors" to *The Independent*—does it seem to others, as to us, that these three writers give the highest moral tone, and exert the best influence, among all the laborers in that paper?—suggests the wish that new *lives* as well as new church-members may be found among the "fruits of the revival," and requests that those who know of cases where *a better life* has followed its influences—where something more practical than prayer and profession, baptism and the Lord's Supper, exists to show the revival to be a reformation—should add this intelligence to the ordinary statements that so many have "obtained a hope"; so many "joined the Church"; so many "erected a family altar," &c.; as if this were all that a revival should be expected to accomplish!

Unfortunately, most of the laborers in revivals seem quite satisfied with this sort of evidence. If the attainment of "a hope," and the profession of such "faith" as the Church requires, is evinced by regular attendance at church and prayer-meeting, and the continuance of such joy as the supposed attainment of salvation naturally inspires, it is enough! These are the convincing testimonies to their spiritual guides themselves, and these testimonies, therefore, are what those guides report in evidence of the success of the revival. To them, the mention of a better life in that connection would savor of the fearful heresy of "trusting in their own works for salvation."

If, however, a careful scrutiny of these converts should find upon the majority of them nothing but prayers—as Jesus once found nothing but leaves upon a fig-tree—or if, worse yet, the revival influence shall teach these neophytes to value the Church more than justice and humanity, and (like the Reverend gentlemen of the Tract Society) to violate truth for the purpose of maintaining the former against the latter—then it may appear that we were right in discountenancing a revival which obviously was *not* a reformation.

SLAVERY EXULTANT.

We invite attention to the articles from *The South*, in our pro-slavery department this week. That journal, it will be observed, professes to see in passing events indubitable signs of the decline of Abolitionism and the progress of pro-slavery sentiment, not only in this country, but in Europe, insomuch that it exults in anticipation of the speedy triumph of slavery over all the powers arrayed against it. It gives the anti-slavery movement credit for driving the slaveholders, by its clear annunciation of principles, to the alternative either of taking some decided steps toward the emancipation of their victims or ceasing their efforts to delude themselves and the world by pretending to regard the system as an evil for which they could find no remedy. *The South* believes, or affects to believe, that the citadel of slavery stands on an impregnable foundation, now that its champions have been thus driven to abandon the attitude of apology for that of unqualified justification. "The new philosophy" of bondage—the "philosophy" which denies that the negro is a man and puts him in the category of working brutes—is, we are told, making such rapid progress "as to warrant a reasonable hope of its ultimate triumph in the strongholds of abolitionism!"

The South deceives itself by a very careless observation of the state of opinion at the North. There has been no such "revolution" here as that paper describes. It is true that the leading supporters of slavery at the North, as well as at the South, have been compelled by the pressure of the anti-slavery movement to abandon the attitude of apology for that of open defence; but this, so far from adding anything to their strength, only makes their weakness more conspicuous. In spite of the plausible inferences which Southern journals may draw from the fluctuating policy of the Republican party, the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, so far from being on the wane, *was never so strong as at this moment*, and it is rapidly augmenting its power by a thousand tributary influences, which are as much above the control of political parties as the law of gravitation or the winds that sweep over the great deep. Parties may *rise* by concessions to this sentiment, but resistance to it will bring upon them swift destruction. *The South* does not comprehend the mighty MORAL MOVEMENT against slavery—a movement independent of all political parties and irresistibly moulding the elements of which they are composed. How often, in the last twenty years, have unprincipled political tricksters fancied that some ingeniously contrived scheme of theirs had effectually stifled the great movement inaugurated by GARRISON; but how speedily were their counsels and their exultations turned into foolishness in the eyes of the people by the invincible march of events! Abolitionists regard the change of attitude on the part of the slaveholders and their defenders, to which *The South* alludes, as a sure precursor of victory to the cause of freedom. We have compelled the champions of bondage to throw off all disguises and stand forth the avowed defenders before the world of the most stupendous crime of the age. The issue between Slavery and Freedom is every day becoming more direct and palpable, and Abolitionists thank God and take courage in view of this fact. Give Freedom but half an equal chance in the field of argument, and she is sure to conquer.

That the present exultation of the defenders of slavery is only simulated for effect, is apparent from the fact that they crush out all freedom of discussion at the South, wherever it is possible for them to do so. If they were really satisfied of the rightfulness of slavery, they would rejoice to see the arguments of Abolitionists diffused as widely as possible through the Southern States, and such papers as *The South* and the Charleston *Mercury* would, in imitation of the anti-slavery journals, open their columns to the freest and fullest discussion of the subject. *The Liberator* and THE STANDARD are eager at all times to publish the very strongest pleas of the slaveholders in behalf of their system; why are not the slaveholding papers equally eager to give currency to anti-slavery arguments? The most pungent passages from the chosen orators of slavery are always sure to find their way into the anti-slavery papers; why do not the Southern journals copy from the speeches of Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Giddings, and other friends and champions of freedom? Simply because they DARE NOT allow the people of the South to see the arguments of these men, knowing that if they should do so, the "INSURRECTION OF SOUTHERN CONSCIENCES," which Duff Green so earnestly deprecated twenty-five years ago, would be sure to follow.

The South also misunderstands the state of things in Great Britain, as it will find in due time. The anti-slavery sentiment among the people of that country needs just such a stimulus as the apologists and friends of slavery are now furnishing by their insane movements. Let the London *Times* do its worst to inflame the cupidity of British traders and manufacturers and lead the government to stultify itself by a pro-slavery policy; the ANTI-SLAVERY HEART of the nation will be made thereby to beat stronger and quicker, and the Abolitionists of Great Britain, finding occasion for renewed and more strenuous labor at home, will be more inclined and better able to help their co-workers in the United States.

THE RUTLAND CONVENTION.

Our readers have all heard more or less of the proceedings of the Convention of Reformers lately held at Rutland, Vermont. That Convention has been grossly misrepresented by the press, *The Tribune* disgracing itself by permitting its reporter to travesty its proceedings in disgusting imitation of Bennett's *Herald*, and hundreds of other journals having followed its lead, presuming, from the character it had previously borne, that its statements were worthy of some degree of confidence. In all our acquaintance with journalism, we have never witnessed a spectacle more disgusting than that presented by *The Tribune* in thus shaming its honorable past and abusing the confidence of its readers.

In that Convention there were quite a number of well-known Abolitionists, and among them FRANCIS JACKSON, the venerable President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, whose judgment is as sound as his integrity is unimpeachable. In a private letter, addressed to us, he makes some observations respecting the Convention, which we venture to publish, trusting that he will pardon us for so doing in view of the good influence which we know his testimony will exert:

"You allude to the Rutland Convention. I deem it an honor to have attended and helped (in my way) to carry it through. It was important that it should be successful, being the pioneer Convention of all stripes of reformers. I suppose that we are mainly indebted to the Spiritualists for breaking that ice; if so, I thank them. I am very glad the Convention was held. I judge there were near 4,000 persons there on Sunday. Under such a call, we might have expected to be annoyed more or less by some 'fleas of Conventions,' but they seemed to have abandoned 'the right of search' and alighted upon the hunker newspapers, and the rowdies followed them. Instead of boring the Convention, they have spun their long yarns of falsehood in the 'national' newspapers—even *The Tribune* was among them, it is believed by mistake; that was to be regretted certainly, because so many of the smaller fry take their cue from that paper.

"I affirm that the Rutland Convention was a glorious gathering of the freest and truest sons and daughters of New England, met for the noble purpose of bettering the condition of the people. 'May its tribe increase.'

"We must bear in mind that the conservatives are a formidable body, politically and ecclesiastically—always cold and cruel. Being a well-to-do people, they insist upon keeping things just as they are, no matter how many millions of their fellow-beings are under foot, or how many falsehoods they utter to keep them there.

"We may be sure, therefore, that all such gatherings as that at Rutland must encounter the enmity of all shades of hunkers; so I hope that all shades of honest and earnest reformers will, as far as possible, cultivate kind feelings towards each other, and so bring the hunkers—not to our feet, but to their senses.

"The resolution and speech of Mrs. Branch were very quietly and properly listened to by the Convention. She freed her mind in about fifteen minutes, and that was all that was said about free love. The free trade resolution did not occupy much more time than free love—two short speeches being all. More would have been said on the subject, but Mr. Tiffany got the floor, and very adroitly and unfairly moved to amend by striking out all after the word 'resolved,' and substituting a totally different subject, and then followed with a long speech about religion; so the Convention were switched off upon another track without notice, and free trade was out of sight in a twinkling—a lawyer's trick.

"Women's Rights proper had as large if not a larger share of the time of the Convention than any other reform. I was very glad that it had. I can conceive of no other reform more world-wide or more just. Man can never attain or enjoy his highest rights and purest pleasure until woman gets hers. Man has degraded woman, and thus punished himself and woman too. From generation to generation he has grasped the lion's share; he has been cultivating and developing his own powers, and neglecting, if not enslaving, woman. Now he is sadly put to it to find an equal partner. He is obliged to mate with such as there are, or none, which mainly accounts for the thousands upon thousands of unhappy marriages, which fill the world with badly organized children and hinder its progress.

"You remember how the woman question struck our anti-slavery sails, and made our craft careen, in 1840. Mixed up as it was with old prejudice and theology, texts were thrown like snowballs, and St. Paul's authority suffered severely in that action, and it will never get over it. Many things will grow where only clover was sown.

"The Woman's Rights movement is sure to bless the race. In this reform I see the way opening, broad and beautiful, towards the summit of human happiness on earth; but both sexes must travel abreast, or that summit will never be reached."

GOOD NEWS FROM ENGLAND.—In the House of Commons, on the 12th inst., Mr. Hutt moved a resolution declaring it expedient to discontinue the practice of authorizing men-of-war to visit and search vessels under foreign flags, with the view of suppressing the slave trade. He contended that England ought to abandon her futile efforts on the Coast of Africa. The motion was seconded by Milner Gibson.

Mr. Cardwell denied that England had been unsuccessful, and declared that an abandonment of her efforts to suppress the trade would establish a universal system of piracy on the African Coast. He then urged the continuance of the blockading squadron there.

Mr. Fitzgerald, on the part of the Government, agreed with the remarks of Mr. Cardwell, and said the Government had proposed to France the establishment of a Commission on the spot to inquire into the free labor system lately established. With regard to America, he had the satisfaction of stating that the difficulties had been swept away. Lord Napier had sent home a despatch by the Europa to the effect that Mr. Cass had told him that the course taken by the British ministry was worthy of a great country, and he (Cass) had assured Lord Napier that, after the satisfactory declarations of the British Government, the American Government would at once give the most earnest consideration to any proposals that might be suggested to them for the verification of the nationality of vessels, and their right to bear the flag they assumed.

Mr. Hutt's motion was lost, on a division of the House, by 24 ayes to 223 nays. We commend this vote to the particular attention of *The* (Richmond) *South*.

THE *Regina Cœli*, the French vessel which was lately the scene of the slave mutiny off the coast of Liberia, arrived at Saint Nazaire (France) July 9th. Captain Simon and Dr. Brulais (the surgeon who was miraculously saved from the general massacre) were in the vessel. They were warmly greeted by their friends as they landed. Dr. Brulais proceeded at once to his native town, Nantes. There he found a letter from the Minister of State, informing him that the Emperor, desiring to give the young surgeon a testimonial of his Majesty's sense of the courage and tact which he had displayed during two days and nights, in which his life was threatened by the negro emigrants, had granted him a pension of 1,800 francs from his private purse.

LIBERIA AND THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Government of Liberia is officially charged with giving aid to the French Government in the prosecution of its schemes of Emigration, alias the Slave Trade. The facts in the case, so far as they are known, together with the defence set up by the Secretary of the Colonization Society, will be found on the first page. That the "emigrants" on board the Regina Cœli were colonists from the United States is hardly credible, but the statements of ex-Governor Pinney and the Liberian Judge James are by no means sufficient, in the present state of the case, to avert the suspicion that President Benson made some arrangement, upon pecuniary grounds, to aid the French officials in the prosecution of their schemes. Justice requires, however, that we should suspend judgment until the case can be fully investigated.

"A CURSE FOR A NATION."—The hymns and songs of the great Framingham gathering on the 4th of July (by George Thompson, Daniel Ricketson, R. W. Emerson and others) were accompanied on the back of the sheet by one of the clearest visions of human life in the United States that has ever been vouchsafed to a guilty nation. [See MRS. Browning's poem on the fourth page.] We commend this consideration of our Nation's Curse to all who say, "The cause is a good cause, but we can't work with those Abolitionists." The Curse is upon them—clearly seen by the great souls who labor, from the height of poetry and science in Europe, to bring America back to her duty to Europe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. M. F., *Boston*.—Any subscriber to THE STANDARD wishing to send the paper for a limited time to a friend can do so by stating distinctly that he wishes it stopped at the end of the time paid for.

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cient in the inventive and apologetic faculty, while there was as yet no contrivance discovered by conservative philosophers, to avoid assailing sin *as an insquity*, by proclaiming the moral duties that grow out of sin *as an institution*. Jonah was completely tied up by his instructions from God; *preach the preaching that I bid thee*; and he had not the authority of a Tract Society to put *their* interpretation on *his* commission, selecting such parts of the preaching as would be popular, and making it unconstitutional to assault organic sins.

Now how stands the case in regard to the example and teachings of the Tract Society on the sin of slavery? You agree to keep back and conceal the testimony of the Word of God against a prevalent sin, because the sinners in that sin affirm that if you preach against it, you shall not preach at all, you shall not publish any of your tracts in that part of the country. On this ground you affirm that expediency or a regard to the greatest good requires you to make this compromise. But if you set up expediency as a rule, then you have to compare opposing probabilities; and the probability is that a greater injury will be produced by the sanction of iniquity, the corruption of conscience and of morals, and the diminution of the sacredness and power of God's Word through such a course of purchased silence and omission, and consequent shielding of sin, than could be balanced by all the good of all the Tract publications. The Tract Society becomes a merchant, and the balances of deceit are in its hands. It is a frightful example of compromise with sin, all over the country, and of exalting expediency to a supremacy over conscience and God's Word. It is *sanctioning* evil that good may come; and we cannot see why this is not the same thing as *doing* evil that good may come.

If you shield and sanctify one sin, you neutralize your own resistance against every other. Your testimony in every direction becomes suspicious. The whole Decalogue is violated if you break one of the commandments, and justify others in doing the same thing. He that shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, the Lord Jesus declared, shall be *leasted* from the kingdom of heaven. If you were charged with the care of a dyke against the sea, in vain would you justify the neglect and wickedness of keeping one breach open, by stationing guards over every other flood-gate, every embankment, and affirming that if you did not let in the water at that breach, you would not be suffered to protect any other portion against it. Just so, all your tracts are bootless while you give admission to one reigning sin. The conscience is corrupted, is defiled, to such a degree, by that one sin maintained, that all the virtues practised partake of that corruption.

THE STUMP-TAIL PROCESS.

Your Tract Society, in such a process, becomes like a diseased cow, round whom you must put a vast bandage, and hoist her up, while you milk her. Just so, you have shut up the very Word of God under the roof of this sin, as in a Swill-Milk Distillery, and you feed your presses with falsehoods; the truth itself is concocted by passing through the vats of the great slave system, which is a distillery, that with its vast retorts and alembics takes the life of benevolence out of God's Word, and sends a fiery sanction of sin to be drunk in the place of it. Your Tract Society adopts this swill, and your Executive Committees bandage the great cow, and hold her up with pullies that run through the pockets of your conservative churches and merchants. And then the milk is handed to Doctors of Divinity for analysis, and they make affidavit that it is the very milk of human kindness, and that any outcry against it is a base conspiracy against the Word of God, and against a righteous conservatism; that this milk is milk for babes, missionary milk, the very stuff to teach masters and servants the moral duties that grow out of the existence of the Great Institution, the Domestic Missionary Institution of Slavery.

Just conceive of fifteen or twenty dignitaries, together with corporate conservatisms, such as the *Journal of Commerce* and the *New York Observer*, hoisting away at the pullies, and securing the bandages, or standing as friendly buttresses each side, while the Publishing Committee hold the pails, and do the milking. One of the Committee turns out Sambo and Toney from his milk-pail, and some of the customers conceive that *that* smacks of the Distillery, if nothing else does. But no, by no means! The Committee-man assures you that there is no allusion whatever to slavery in that tract, but that it fell into the pail by mistake. It was the milking of thirty years ago, when the cows all ran wild in fresh pasture, and there was no such thing as being fed upon swill from the Distillery. There is no hint of plantation manners or of slave life in Sambo and Toney.

And if any witnesses are brought to show the monstrous atrocities of the system of slavery itself, its essential elements of *diabolism per se*, our ministers, church-members, committee-men and religious editors all suddenly put on the blushing dignity of offended prudes, proclaiming it a sin against the morals of the community to publish a tract showing the legal and practical elements and consequences of sin. Frank Leslie's artists never met with half the rage, scorn and bitterness of opposition with which religious men have met the attempts to drag the abominations of slavery into open day-light, and to compare the system with the Word of God.

There are some iniquities, whose very enormity the perpetrators rely upon, to shield them from exposure. It will not do even to name them in decent civilized society. It seems less sinful to have them practised in silence than to speak out against them. Those who have not a word to say against the iniquities, or the abominations of slavery, find themselves exercised with a great and holy horror of any truthful description, demonstration or denunciation of the system and the sin.—*Independent*.

THE PRESIDENT'S CONSPIRACY AGAINST MEXICO.

From The Evening Post.

THE old proverb, that when rogues fall out honest men get their dues, is ever receiving new and striking illustrations. We have one in our columns to-day. General Walker, discontented with the very cold shoulder which has been tendered to him by the Administration of late, has done, as all men do, sooner or later, who subsist upon the wages of crime; he has peached. He has written a letter to the Mobile *Register* (don't disremember that the Mobile *Register* is edited by Forsyth, Mr. Buchanan's Minister to Mexico), in which he distinctly avers that he and Henningsen were urged by Mr. Secretary Floyd to turn their filibustering attentions to Mexico, and to enter into the service of Comonfort, in consideration whereof they should have the support of the United States government. The programme, says Walker, was "that, while in the Mexican service, we might by some act, such as tearing down the flag of Spain, bring about a war between Mexico and Spain, and Cuba might then be seized by the former power."

But "the ways and means?" was the prompt and pertinent inquiry of the humbler conpirators. Where shall we get our pay? Mr. Secretary Floyd's first reply was that "he had gone the length of his tether" in making to them the proposal, and that he must consult with a higher power—meaning the President, of course—before he could discuss the ways and means. At a subsequent interview, General Henningsen, who was the interlocutor in the premises, was assured that, if they would go ahead, they should not lack means. Our readers will remember that they did go, and that, only a short time since, Generals Henningsen and Lockridge were unsuccessfully soliciting service in the Mexican army (under Zuloaga, we believe; Comonfort, meantime, having very prudently been banished), and were told, as politely as the tenor of the message would permit, that their room in Mexico was better than their company.

Walker tried to bring these facts against Floyd out upon his trial at New Orleans, he says, but the District Attorney and Circuit Judge put their heads together and refused to let Henningsen testify.

Walker is not the best witness in the world to a fact, but we do not see why he is not as good as Floyd, nor why this statement, from beginning to end, is not worthy of credit. No one believes that Floyd is too good to take a hand in such a conspiracy against the peace of a neighboring country, imperilling the peace of his own, and subsequent events furnish abundant confirmation of the correctness of Walker's story.

How true it is that the tree is known by its fruits! Floyd, under the instigation of Buchanan, employing a pair of ruthless mercenaries to nurse a war between Mexico and Spain, that we may steal Cuba, is the natural fruit of the tree which was planted at Ostend.

LETTER FROM GEN. WILLIAM WALKER.

From The Mobile Register, July 20.

We copied, a few days since, a paragraph from the Washington *Union*, flatly contradicting a statement which General Walker has on several occasions made, in his speeches to the public, in regard to certain communications and overtures made to him by a member of the Cabinet. We intimated at the same time that it would behoove General Walker, in view of this contradiction, to produce the evidences upon which he based his statements. This has called forth a letter from the General to us on the subject, which, in justice to him, we lay before the public. In this letter General Walker alleges facts and circumstances which, in his opinion, warranted him in making the statement which he did, and which *The Union* has contradicted. We leave the matter to be further pursued between the parties concerned, as they may deem necessary for the vindication of the truth, and to set themselves right in the premises.

MOBILE, July 19th, 1858.

EDITOR MOBILE REGISTER—*Sir*: On returning to this city a day or two ago, I read in your journal an extract from the Washington *Union* denying certain statements which, it was reported, I had lately made in a speech delivered at New Orleans. The writer in *The Union* has been misinformed as to the fact of the speech said to have been made by me at New Orleans; but as long ago as the month of January last I publicly made here, and since then elsewhere, statements which are analogous in nature, though not entirely identical, with those attributed to me by the Washington newspaper. As you suggest the propriety of publishing the evidence on which these statements were made, I hope you will not deem me intrusive if I furnish you with the facts of the case.

In the month of October last I was in New Orleans, preparing to return to Nicaragua. About the middle of the month General Henningsen arrived from Washington, and soon after we met he informed me that he had important news to communicate. He then proceeded to state that while in Washington he had held several conversations with the Secretary of War; that in the course of one of the interviews the Secretary had informed him of the determination on the part of the President to arrest the expedition to Nicaragua, adding, at the same time, that the acquisition of Cuba during his administration was an object dear to the heart of Mr. Buchanan. The Secretary further proceeded to say, according to Gen. Henningsen's report, that if we would turn our attention to Mexico and enter into the service of Comonfort, we should have the support of the United States government; that while in the Mexican service we might by some act, such as tearing down the flag of Spain, bring about a war between Mexico and Spain, and Cuba might then be seized by the former power. The programme, says Walker, was "that, while in the Mexican service, we might by some act, such as tearing down the flag of Spain, bring about a war between Mexico and Spain, and Cuba might then be seized by the former Power. The Secretary, according to the report I received, informed Gen. Henningsen that means would not be lacking for such an enterprise; and when pressed by the General to state how the means could be had, he replied, "I have gone the length of my tether; before I can say more, it will be necessary for me to see a person above me." In the next interview the Secretary informed the General that he was not authorized to go further, but that he might rely implicitly on the means being provided if the enterprise were undertaken. When Gen. Henningsen made this communication to me I was shocked at its nature, and remarked that the government could hardly be in earnest. He said that he had been authorized to place before me the character of the conversations held with the Secretary of War, and to communicate them also to a friend of the Nicaraguan cause residing in New Orleans.

The foregoing are facts which I have substantially detailed in speeches made here and elsewhere. I have been careful always to state the source of my information, and I need hardly say that I am firmly convinced of the truth and accuracy of the report made to me by General Henningsen. I have ever found the General to be a man not only of strict truth and honor, but also careful in his use of language, and particularly accurate in the reports he makes about public matters. In controversies of such moment as these I have narrated I would rely on his statements as implicitly as if I had heard myself what passed between the Secretary and himself.

In the recent trial in New Orleans I endeavored to place these facts in the shape of legal evidence. General Henningsen was summoned by me as a witness for this purpose. But when the question was put with the view of eliciting these facts, the District Attorney immediately objected, and the presiding Justice ruled out the question without waiting to hear the object I had in trying to elicit the testimony.

Permit me to add that I have been driven to speak of these matters by the course the government has pursued towards me. Not satisfied with taking from me the rights and the property I held in Nicaragua, high federal officers have attempted to deprive me of my honor also. The good name I have inherited from my fathers has been the object of attack by those whose positions should have raised them above the indulgence of personal abuse. As the advocate of a cause, I know that the consequences of the enterprise which I, an humble instrument in the hands of a Higher Power, have inaugurated will be felt and appreciated when the names of the most illustrious of my traducers shall have passed into obscurity, if not into shame and ignominy. As a man, even though I had none of the charity "which suffereth long and is kind," I would not so far stoop as to cherish any feeling of personal enmity towards those who, forgetful of their stations, do not hesitate to malign me and my motives. But when, through me, high functionaries aim a blow at a mighty movement, justice to the cause I have espoused requires me to repel the attack. Under such circumstances I scorn the counsel of those who advise submission to wrong because the arms raised to smite are strong and belong to powers high in authority; and woe be to that individual or to that people with whom such slavish counsels prevail.

Your obedient servant, WM. WALKER.

[We gladly copy the following article from the Milford *News and Advertiser*—the organ of the Emancipation party in the State of Delaware.—*Ed. Standard*.]

"EAST'N SHO' LOGIC."

THE logic of the East'n Sho' newspapers is as sublime and incomprehensible as the stars. Rev. J. D. Long, after a long train of arguments and facts, concludes that slavery on this peninsula is wrong and works serious injury to the inhabitants of this delightful region. In reply, the Easton *Gazette* states that Rev. John D. Long is a "hypocrite," a "spunger," "cracked in the upper story," "guilty of misrepresentation," "has eaten East'n Sho' meat and bread," is possessed of a "back-biting, misrepresenting, deceitful, ungrateful disposition," &c. &c. Therefore we suppose he expects us to conclude that slavery is right and a blessing to the people. Such logic is worse than abolitionism. It is even worse than negro equality. It is, in fact, negro superiority, for it places every garrulous old negro woman in the country far above even an Aristotle in an argument.

The question at issue is, *Is slavery a great wrong and an injury to the people of the peninsula, or is it not!* On the affirmative we have Rev. John D. Long, a poor, feeble, unostentatious Methodist preacher, with his little book filled with facts, arguments and conclusions, which everybody reads and ponders on. On the negative we have the East'n Sho' newspapers, with Rev. T. J. Quigley, D.D., Rev. I. T. Cooper, D.D., Rev. G. R. Crooks, D.D., and others, arguing thus:

Major Premise—CRUCIFY HIM.
Minor Premise—CRUCIFY HIM.
Conclusion—CRUCIFY HIM.

Thus the argument stands at this time. The crucifixion of the Savior has not convinced the world that the Christian religion is false. The indignities suffered by James L. Bowers and his wife do not convince us that to think slavery is burdensome and to subscribe for the New York *Tribune* are crimes of the deepest dye; nor will the crucifixion of Rev. John D. Long convince the world that slavery on this peninsula is a Divine institution. Now, for the sake of the truth, we are anxious to bring out the arguments on the negative side of this question.

We will admit that anybody and everybody whom the negative may specify are fiends, thieves, robbers, murderers, or even Abolitionists, in order that the East'n Sho' editors may get beyond this point, and reach the question at issue. Will the *Easton Gazette* lead off in this matter? We do not even know what the views of the East'n Sho' papers on this subject are. In order to give the matter a fair start, we propose the following questions to the editor of the Easton *Gazette*:

Is human slavery, as it exists on this peninsula, a Divine institution? Are the people of the free or slave States of the Union the wealthier, more industrious and more enterprising? If you were a slave for life, would you run away and be free, or stay with your master and be a slave? If you were a slave and should see fit to run away from slavery, ought another man in the neighborhood, who knew nothing of it, to be tarred and feathered? Do you approve of the course pursued towards James L. Bowers? A candid, honest reply to these questions by the East'n Sho' papers will materially aid us in the argument of this question. If freedom of the press and freedom of speech, however, is something which the republic of Maryland does not permit, they of course must still remain silent, and we will place this construction on their silence; but if such is not the case, we think it high time for the East'n Sho' papers to display a little common sense, for fear the community may conclude that such an article is not to be found in East'n Sho' printing-offices.

DIPLOMATIC NEGOTIATIONS WITH AN AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

From The Evening Post.

The Times says that our government is negotiating again for the establishment of a white colony in St. Domingo, and that a white minister from that quarter may be shortly expected. It adds:

"Santana, himself a white man, is altogether favorable to the whites, and, in the opinion of the administration, the golden moment has arrived for securing an influence on the island which may lead to its regeneration. It may be remembered that Baez proposed sending a diplomatic agent to the United States, but, a mulatto himself, he wished to accredit a negro as his representative near this government. To this objection was urged by Mr. Mason and others in the United States Senate, even before the delivery of the Dred Scott opinion. Santana, as our government has been informed, is anxious to send a white minister here, provided the United States will recognize his government and give him their influence and encouragement. This subject has occupied much of the attention of the executive, and, as I believe Mr. Buchanan will want to make a clean sweep, should he determine to enlarge the area of freedom in the Gulf, I doubt not arrangements are being perfected for backing up Santana, and sustaining him in his efforts to form a respectable government, assigning to the negro population that social and political position only to which nature intended them."

The Times is mistaken in saying that Santana is a white man. He is, like Baez, a man of mixed blood, part African and part Spanish. Neither is he likely to send a white man to the United States, as there are no white men in St. Domingo connected with the government, or at all prominent in public affairs. Santana may be persuaded to appoint some American to this mission, General Cazneau, for instance—who is said to possess a large share of his confidence—but then there would still be the great difficulty remaining, that St. Domingo is, to all intents and purposes, a negro republic, and our government has hitherto refused to entertain diplomatic relations with all such powers.

The Emperor of Hayti had a whiter man than Santana here for several years, asking President Fillmore to recognize him as Consul or Chargé, but Mr. Fillmore steadfastly refused, pleading the traditional policy of the government in his justification. The Emperor was even willing to send a white representative, if encouraged to hope for him a favorable reception, but the answer was ever the same: "We cannot recognize the national sovereignty of the African race."

If Mr. Buchanan has discerned the folly and impolicy of this course, and really proposes to recognize the Dominican government, we shall be agreeably disappointed. Of course he will extend a similar courtesy to Hayti and Liberia. We can imagine the reception which such a proposal would receive at the South more easily than we can imagine Mr. Buchanan, with his feeble sense of duty, making it.

CHARLES MACKAY.—This person, an Englishman, a writer of songs, and editor of the London *Illustrated News*, has recently been making a tour through this country, North and South, lecturing on English song writers. He was received with much courtesy, but did not make a great impression. He corresponded for the *News* during his absence, and, since his return home, several letters descriptive of his tour South have been published, among them one giving an account of a slave mart in New Orleans, which we publish in another column, in which he expresses strongly, as in other letters, his abhorrence of slavery. Now, Mr. Mackay never opened his mouth on the subject while in this country, but, like most English money-seeking tourists and lecturers, took care to express no dislike to our peculiar institution. Having got all he can from our pockets, and being safely across the Atlantic, he lets people know what an ardent lover of liberty he is. The Southern papers of course will be excessively indignant at this, and, for our part, we confess we think Mr. Mackay deserves all the reproaches they can heap upon him. We

THE SURPRISE.

Especially inscribed to the London *Illustrated News*, the British traveller in the United States, and to that portion of the public who know both, in either country.

CHAUNT FIRST.

How often it happens, in plodding through life,
That things are entirely unlike what they seem!
The youth on the ocean who chooses a wife—
The youth for the pulpit preparing a theme—
British patriots, who, casting a glance o'er the sea,
Fall in love with Columbia, the land of the Free—
The poet, who takes out his rhymes and composes,
The syllables counting as easy as noses—
Making "honest and true"
Rhyme to "sorrow, adieu!"—
And, in fact, getting gain by each metred gymnastic—
How should each of them think
That he's just on the brink—
Not of conquering life, but of growing as plastic
In its governing hand as the ecclesiastic
Who seeks secret places to pour out his tears
O'er the sins of his people for *twenty-five years*,
Till they're *ready* to topple—then whips out his lever,
Eleventh-hour workman—and works like a—BEAVER.

They have all of them done it—here's no personality.
They have all of them dreaded, like THOMAS CARLYLE,
To assail "the decrees"—so they cried up Fatality;
And scouted the cause of black wretches so vile;
For could they be cured of their sins and their vices,
Imputed, original, actual or other,
And each of them counted a man and a brother,
The whole British Islands might go without spices!
Merchant-princes on both sides the water, who weave
And sell cotton garments, would certainly grieve;
Since to touch "the decrees" must tell badly on prices:
And *these* "beautiful garments" the Church walks to hell in
Are the ones that the world is agreed she looks well in.
They all have neglected their duty; so CHEEVER,
Though, by decades of silence, he count a backslider,
Is really no worse than another believer,
All the while of political races a rider;
For I don't count *that* clerical duty to souls,
Which, mute in the pulpit, is loud at the polls,
And, neglecting its sphere
Appropriate and clear,
Sneaks away from the head of the hosts to the rear,
While making of Congress a church-pioneer.
NOTE.—When blamed for delay, 'tis a favorite dodge
Of the men who deserve it demurrers to lodge.
"Lo, have we not prophesied, voted and taught?"
Yea! *but casting out devils has all been omitted.*
When the times the right hour for *renouncing* have brought,
If you only can denounce, you're much to be pitied.
And if, as abolishing slavery, you work
With ADAMS and BLAGDEN, LORD, MANNING and KIRK,
As good Christian gentlemen sitting beside you,
Why, whát can Humanity do but deride you,
Or sadly deny you, while, "Counsels" abusing,
You are *used* by the knaves that you ought to be using,
And winning your *own* game while *hers* you are losing?
"But, does not the Biblical parable say
"The eleventh-hour workman shall get all his pay,
"Exactly like them that have labored alway
"While bearing the burden and heat of the day?"
Though eleven P. M. be but late to begin it,
One is thankful for help, were it only a minute;
And never a fleer,
Nor a joke nor a jeer,
Nor complaint nor a critical comment would make,
Were it only for bright magnanimity's sake:
Yet there breathes not the man, with his manhood about him,
But should feel it a duty to jeer and to flout him
Who stupidly adds to the idler's temptations
The weight of *mal-apropos* scripture quotations:
Who holds up the patriarch in sanction of slavery,
Who, prompt with the prodigal, shelters men's roamings:
Then marshals the Church in defence of their knavery—
And gives to the Bible
Its action of libel
By shaping its pages to hide their shortcomings.
Let our prodigal patriarchs cluster about him—
Will a *good* man be found there? that moment I doubt him.
Do you call him a *good* man who flatters their manners,
Nor snuffs the plantation? and, blessing their banners,
The stripes and the stars
Of the slaveholder's wars,
Deferring the hour of the great Liberation,
Is evermore weaving A CURSE FOR A NATION!*
Politeness I love: I forbear for the sake of it:
But call him a GOOD *man—I know what to make it.*
NOTE.—I know there is a being self-styled Christian Briton,
Who Freedom and Slavery as jury will sit on;
Yet as long as he can his opinion who hides,
And, indeed, rather thinks there is wrong on *both* sides.
So seizes the moment to say there's but one day
On which to use scripture, and that day is Sunday.
I will him to know, whether Quaker, Non-Con.,
North British Reviewer's or Wesleyan's son,
Or "Record" or "Witness,"
Or man of less fitness—
Or Baptist or Churchman—'tis time he were one
To know that what he, in his verdant estate,
In England, calls blasphemy flat—nothing shorter,
By slaveholding preachers and planters of late,
Is christened Divinity, this side the water.
Now, as reverend slaveholders, flogging for money,
Are in scriptural language abusive or funny,
And no prohibition on your side afforded,
I assure you that QUINCY and others can take
A similar course for humanity's sake,
Nor yet be with profligate infidels herded!
"It don't suit your taste?" It suits ours quite as ill
When Britons take slavetraders' tools by the hand,
And, preaching up *peacefulness*, "go it to *kill*,"
In the spirit of MACKAY that grinds in the Strand,
"Sink Africa—so Uncle Sam and John Bull,
Like a pair of paid newsmen, continue to pull
For their money together! Oh, longer, yet longer,
Beat one weak man to death to propitiate two stronger."

CHAUNT SECOND.

But this is digression: we meant to bestow
Our attention at this time—lay-preacher in rhyme—
On one who came hither his graces to show
As poet and news-monger both at a time.
As the startled old fellow that worked out his drill
On a stout wooden soldan below in the yard,
And each day took his fill
On the head-piece so still,
Till the chips lay around him, he fought it so hard—
So the poet may find to his blankest surprise
That foes in the field are quite different creatures.
There's a head in the helmet, and flashing of eyes
Through the holes in the vizor! it hardly seems wise
To show of "true Freedom" the colors or features.
Like the child in the stable who longed for a ride
Till the complaisant ostler at length bade him try,
Then, humbled his pride,
He whimpered and cried
And ran to the fine open mangers to hide,
Since "Washington's back is *so line* and so high!"
"The '*sensitive*' thing!" (he don't dare say 'tis vicious)
"Let him kick who he will, so he does not kick me!"
Of such infantile terror the promptings delicious
Prefigure the poet's who comes o'er the sea
With a new patent song-grinder strapped to his shoulders,
Which he turns like an organ, then counts on his thumbs
The hundreds of thousands among the beholders,
Whom he hopes to make pay him in fabulous sums
For all this concerto by which he induces
The flattering thought that they're well worth the muses,
Then holds up his weekly, and prays them subscribe,
Till every mean ass,
Enacting Mecænas,
Will gulp the "Ill. News" for the musical bribe.

Did he think, when for England he ground out the tune
Of the "good coming time," that to flatter the Yankee
He should flounder along with the *bad* Times so soon,
And stoop for his coppers, and bob and say "thankee!"
Yet the Briton in London that eyes you with wonder,
When talking of slavery, and says "you surprise me!"
And can't keep his wrath and astonishment under,
At counsel and warning, but cries "don't advise me!
Nor suppose a free Briton to slavery truckles!"
And "squares" in the spirit, and gives you to see
That if you go on, you must taste of his knuckles,
Till you blush to have pained one so brave and so free—
How soon when that British Hazael comes hither,
And thinks a dog only could ever do *this* thing,
His "*nemo impunè lacessit*" may wither!—
No longer a charm to preserve his humanity.
How soon, after merchants and congressmen frisking,
He sinks to the level of fawning inanity—
The spaniel of slavery to laud its urbanity,
And soon makes you conscious that *money* is *his* king.
Oh—suffering Britisher!—sympathy hunting
Because the old symbols are losing their beauty!
Stars, crosses and roses, and red and blue bunting,
Ribbons, garters and thistles prized less than a shoe-tie!
You see how it chances! when symbols so dear
Are foully disgraced, Burns's self could but say,
"Though I dearly love Scotia, it grows very clear
That I certainly *must* turn my weeding clips *here*,
To cut every poisonous thistle away."

The good time in coming brings many surprises—
Let's pity the fellows in this way that bring it—
And leave them their function,
As each new sun rises
With ever-new unction,
To worship and sing it!
When posing as Burns, with his mantle around them,
They did not expect to find things as they found them,
"There's a lovely green continent washed by the tide!
There are free legislatures, its joy and its pride!"
The poet goes thither and finds that men lied:
For, since clouds of mosquitoes
And governors' vetoes,
And armies to Utah near Kansas that bide,
Voted thither by Freedom's own friends true and tried,
Lest political rivals should say that they rids,
Disunited from slavery, at GARRISON's side—
Since navies, to fight
Like fiends fallen from light
To defend the piratical slavetrader's right,
Presidential elections, and like tricks were tried
On the life-blood of Freedom, one bright day *she died*.

Can he stand to his former "poetical guns"
With such revolutions as these to go through?
He must grind a new tune, sir, like other men's sons!
Be ready to scamper with him who first runs,
Howe'er such alertness his follower stuns!
That's what he must do, sir!—that's what he must do!
And think of the poor *weakly* newspaper too,
Among yonder daisies!—he *must* make it "take,"
In New York and in Boston and eke New *Orleans*!
From Maine to Mobile he is bound for the sake
Of those tablets whereon he must grave what he means—
The hearts of the people—exertions to make
"To keep pace with the times," since his guns and his swords
Are all of the ink-pot and painting-pot order,
He must really abjure these half-battles of words:
'Tis clear as the day
That he can't blaze away,
In struggles for right—he must deal out "soft-sawder."
See page on "True Freedom and how to get hold of it:"
He *must* keep in time to the voice of the crowd:
It won't do for Freedom to bellow too loud!
Just as sure as he does so, he's sure to be told of it.

Remember he stands in no need of a rag
That *Freedom* may fight for—so yields it to Slavery.
He's bound to uphold the *American* flag
With his "plain-printed words," and his "clear mental bravery."
He'll win by its aid, and time coming will show it.
He doubtless has conquered such victories before,
As he may do again (only we did not know it),
To his loss of a name (not our loss of a poet).
No loss on the whole either here or hereafter,
Since the name, without honor or mention in history,
Of one who was fooled by iniquity's mystery,
May lighten the gloom of the present with laughter.

So seize the "Young Giant's" high spirit sublime!
Of *his* eye catch the light—of *his* height take the measure!
For his is the spirit that governs the time.
Then duck at his bidding, and carry home treasure.

Know his words ere they're spoken!
With utterance clear,
Persuasive, unbroken,
Pour into the ear
Of thy listening employers in Britain whate'er
He bids—and what *he* feels, be sure that *thou* feel it!
Go drink of his fountains at least a whole year,
And whate'er he reveals to thee, straightway reveal it!

Now go it, my hearty, whatever thou be,
Whether priuter or painter or penny-a-liner!
Street-singer or hawker—'tis all one to *he*.
Get into a passion! 'twill make thy words finer!

Brief—think as thou'rt bidden—
Declare what is shown thee
In answering tone!—
And thou shalt not be chidden,
And the world that doth own thee
Shall all be thine own!

Alas 'tis a borrowed—this axe I am grinding
To hew down the hypocrites: turn, if you please
(For such noble sentiments well are worth finding),
To the book of his poems, and search for three threes.

[NOTE.—in this way to work double tides is most trying.
If the song like the action were only well known!
One were actually spared half the pains of replying:
And when one has easy and indolent grown,
One likes better the evil that's *up* to pull down.
Yet never delay with the evil that calls;
But kill creeping vermin, wherever it crawls.]

So run for his poems to Ticknor and Fields;
Then turn to "True Freedom and eke how to gain it."
(One is curious to learn how much money *that* yields!)
Two hundred and seventy-three pages along
He lays down the doctrine—but, "coming it strong,"
The Illustrated News tells you how to *maintain* it.
In these latter pages you'll find his memorial
For the slaveholding giant a fitting pictorial.
Hark! he's telling the story, wherever he roams,
That shallow and shameful young world of a story—
The story he brought from American Homes
Framed to steal from the old world each gleam of its glory.
See him strip from the pictures of Britain their pride!
The cry of "St. George—for merry England!"—
Shall never again call a halt or a stand
To our pirates ashore or their hells on the tide!

Now turn to his book, page three hundred and thirty,
For there one finds comfort for fellows so dirty,
That float where of duty the bright heaven shines,
And, like little TOM TUPPER,
Who sing for their supper
To our class that so vulgarly calls itself upper,
Their poor, mathematical, meaningless lines,
While the gallanter creatures that dare to affront
The hour in its furry, nor shrink from the brunt
Of hastening the dawn of the better time,
Are sinking, like sunset, in gladness sublime!
Be the future their hope, as the truth is their law:
"There needs no prayer for the floating straw."

You see how a floater, his fortune to forge,
Would dishonor the Red Cross and fetter St. George!

** See Elizabeth Barrett Browning's noble poem on the fourth page.*

POLITICS.

The New York State Temperance Society will hold a quarterly meeting at Utica, on the 11th of August, to consider the propriety and expediency of calling a State Convention for the purpose of placing in nomitation suitable and proper candidates, to be voted for by the temperance men of the State to fill the several State offices, and also take into consideration the propriety of advising the temperance men of the State to organize themselves in their several localities, for the selection of suitable candidates to be voted for by the temperance men of such localities for local officers. This is intended to constrain the Republicans to nominate a Maine law man for Governor.

The following statements respecting California are from a letter in *The Tribune*:

"Ever since the South failed to establish the 'peculiar institution' in California, she has tried to regain the ascendancy on the Pacific coast, with the double view of introducing slavery, and, in case of a dissolution of the Union, of detatching this State and the adjoining territories from the North and West. To effect this object she has intrigued and conspired with the steamship companies to defeat every plan proposed for a northern or central overland communication by a wagon road, railroad, telegraphic lines, or military posts, while she has strained every nerve to open a southern overland route and railroad, a scheme as visionary and impracticable as the southern steamship line from Norfolk to the inland city of Orleans in France, or any other of the plans cunningly devised by Southern brains to overcome or rival the commercial superiority of the North. Thanks to this policy, backed by the Government, and the attempt to force slavery upon Nicaragua, the entire Pacific coast is dependent for its communication with the rest of the commercial and civilized world upon a single line of steamers owned by a New York monopoly. Meantime, the southern overland routs is so far in successful operation that the contractors, in consideration of a large annual sum paid by the Government, manage to drive a Jersey wagon across the plains from Texas to San Diego twice a month, which feat is highly satisfactory to all parties interested. While the South has suffered defeat after defeat in her favorite schemes, in Nicaragua, in Kansas, and in the attempt to revive the slave trade, another mortifying failure awaits her efforts to force nature by diverting the stream of overland travel to and from the Pacific. The recent gold discoveries in the British possessions and Washington Territory, which are now almost depopulating California, will absolutely compel the construction and opening of a northern overland route; and then good-bye to the southern wheelbarrow and railroad! I firmly believe that private enterprise will construct a road and a telegraphic line, without even the assistance of Government, if that be withheld or refused. Within a few weeks we shall have the wires extended to Carson Valley, and it is then proposed to continue the line to Salt Lake. I call your attention to the enclosed extract from the Sacramento *Union*, showing that, through the indifference of the South and the Goverument to Northern interests, the country has lost the new Gold Region between 49 deg. and 54 deg. 40 min., to which our people are now flocking at the rate of one thousand per day. California is rapidly redeeming her character as a free State, and freeing herself from Southern rule. The chivalry are doomed and fast going down hill, with drooping feathers, and in two or three years' time 'the places that have known them' (viz., the Custom-House, Mint and Post-office) 'will known them no more.'"

LIKENESS OF HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.—Mr. C. H. Brainard, of Boston, has placed on our table a capital lithographic portrait, lately published by him, of the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings. The friends of freedom will be delighted to possess so accurate a likeness of the brave old man who, for twenty years, has been the terror of slaveholders and doughfaces on the floor of Congress, and who will probably be compelled, not by any abatement of intellectual force, but by physical infirmity, to retire to private life at the end of his present term.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—Where the Correspondent found an occasion for laughter—He magnifieth our noble selves at the expense of Mr. Cushing—He mourneth over the decadence of Commencement—And reciteth its former glories—And also the story of Dr. Bowditch's first College degree—He commendeth the self-control of the College Authorities as to Mr. Sumner—And also their choice of a substitute—History of Mr. Sumner's first election—Phi Beta Oration, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, July 26, 1858.

WHAT a funny notion Caleb Cushing has got of us Disunion fellows! Unless, indeed, he has turned language to the original use for which it was given to man, and concealed his real thoughts with it. There be people who have said that he is capable of doing such a thing, if he tried. I took up your penultimate issue for the purpose of seeing the how-manyth letter this was in my series, and my eye fell on your extract from his Tammany Speech, on the first page, and it gave me a fit of laughter from which I have scarcely recovered yet sufficiently for my grave duties. "Ravings," "ebullitions of wild wrath as we speak of the American Union," "distracted and troubled thoughts," "desperate passion," and all the rest of it! Just as if we ranted and raved like himself, and tore our hair like Mr. Choate! He had better come to our First of August Meeting at Abington, next Saturday. I will not guarantee him against hearing the Union evil spoken of, and he may depend on having a most explicit testimony borne as to himself, to his face, by Mr. Garrison, Mr. Foster and Mr. Pillsbury, by which he might be much edified, if he took it aright, but he would find us, when off duty, the liveliest, jolliest and most comfortable set of fellows he ever met with. And why shouldn't we be such? Everything is working, if not exactly to our mind, at least according to the impulse we have given to it, and all tending, most inevitably, to the conclusion we have predicted for it. Have we not always carried every point we proposed to ourselves? Have we not moulded, not exactly in our own image, but by the iron necessities we have created, even such sort of men as this Caleb Cushing? Doesn't he know that the present expression of his political countenance is owing to the manipulation of the original dough by the plastic fingers of his townsman, Garrison. No, no, Mr. Cushing, we have the best reason of any people in the country to be comfortable in our minds; for we not only know that we are right, but also that we are going ahead. However, this strain of remark is rather fitted to the gravity of editorial prelections than to the discursive levities of a gossipping letter. It has got me through my first paragraph, at any rate.

Commencement at Cambridge has come and gone since my last. Though shorn of much of its glories in these latter and evil days, it is still an occasion of interest which brings old friends together from great distances and after long years. Once it was the great holiday of the Commonwealth; and especially of Boston. All business was suspended and almost the entire population of the town precipitated upon Cambridge. The road connecting the two places was alive with wheels, and the village had the air of a fair, with its rows of booths on the common, its shows in the streets and the crowds which spread themselves in every direction. The only remains of this old power that the day possessed is to be found in the fact that it is a holiday in the Banks and the Custom-house. The clerks have reason to bless its useful light, if nobody else, and this is all that testifies to its former predominance over the other days of the year. There is no difference to be felt or seen in the streets of Boston, unless it be by those unfortunates who have to pay their notes a day earlier than they reckoned on, or who have business with Uncle Sam's excisemen and tidewaiters. There are more holidays now, and the city has grown a much bigger one, and the interest which was once concentrated on Harvard is now scattered in a thousand different directions. There are always people enough to fill the church to overflowing; but nobody seems to go to Commencement now but those who have business there. Formerly everybody else went for their pleasure and because everybody else went.

I remember the celebrated Nathaniel Bowditch, the author of the Navigator and translator of Laplace's *Mécanique Celeste*, telling me once the story of his first visit to Cambridge. He was then a "Practical Navigator" himself, and found himself one Commencement morning in Boston harbor with a ship and day upon his hands. With the ship he could do nothing, for everybody was away at Cambridge and no business whatever was doing. So he thought he might as well follow the multitude and get rid of his day, if he could not of his cargo, as they were doing. He had never been in Cambridge, and knew no one there and nobody connected with the College or the government of it. He, accordingly, proceeded over to Cambridge, and arrived about the time the exercises were over. He elbowed his way into the meeting-house just as old President Willard was delivering the degrees to the graduating class. He did not quite understand what was going on, but was amused at the oddity of the proceedings and continued to watch their progress. Presently, the old President, crowning his well-powdered wig with his square cap, seated himself in the curious oaken chair which has been the Academic throne of the sovereigns of the College from time immemorial, and began to announce the names of the persons on whom honorary degrees had been bestowed. Soon he heard his own name proclaimed among the number. It was the degree of Master of Arts to which he was admitted. He said he did not know what it was, or what it meant, but he understood clearly enough that he had been selected by the authorities of the University, with none of whom he had the slightest personal acquaintance, for an honorary distinction of some sort. He afterwards received the highest degree the College can give, he was chosen into all the learned societies of this country and into many of those of Europe, he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of London, the only American who had ever received such an honor, except Franklin, but he declared to me that none of them all had given him such pleasure as that unsolicited and unexpected Mastership of Arts at Cambridge. It came, he said, just at the right time, and was indeed a word spoken in season.

The authorities of the College have not always been as unexceptionable in their choice of those they have chosen to honor as in the case of this great self-made man. But they have again resisted the temptation of giving to Mr. Sumner the compliment of a degree of L.L. D., which they have always been ready enough to administer to those who have held his high office, or anything like it, if they were sons of Harvard. Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, Mr. Henry J. Gardner, Mr. Nathan Appleton, and others, have received the honors of the University in their due turn; but Mr. Sumner's time has not come yet. If they can do without him, he can probably manage to do without them for awhile. This year, however, if they passed by Mr. Sumner, they at least selected as the object of their attentions the gentleman to whom he owed his election to the Senate. The Hon. Sidney Bartlett, of this city, a lawyer of distinction, was made a Doctor of Laws this year, and he it was who made Mr. Sumner Senator. And it was on this wise: Mr. Bartlett was a Member of our House of Representatives, the year of that election. You will recollect how long and how close the contest was. For several ballottings there had been in some way a double vote cast by somebody, but nobody could tell who. It suited the purposes of the Whigs, which party had still a name to live at that time, to lay it at the door of the Free-Soilers. *The Atlas*, in particular, was active in this attribution. Well, Mr. Bartlett, in the simplicity of his soul, believing this to be the fact, moved, one morning, that the next vote be taken by secret ballot, intimating that the other party were great friends of that way of voting and should be indulged in it. The Free-Soilers all voted for it and enough Whigs to carry it. The Whig whipper-in of the House was heard to endanger his immortal soul by curses both loud and deep on Mr. Bartlett for his action, and, it is said, he immediately telegraphed on to Washington what had been done, adding that Charles Sumner would be elected Senator, the next morning, by a majority of *one*—which, accordingly, came to pass in the most literal manner. So nobody can grudge Mr. Bartlett his degree nor yet his precedence over Mr. Sumner, as he had made him what he is.

The next day the Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, gave a very excellent and sensible oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which was honorably distinguished from the generality of its forerunners by the absence of claptrap. It was on the course of a true education, particularly urging the claims of the Physical Sciences to a higher and an earlier place than is now assigned to them. It wisely pointed out the method of a wide and complete culture, to which our present systems are but approximations. A furious thunder-storm prevailed in the afternoon and seemed ready to devour up the Society as it was devouring its dinner in Harvard Hall. But it did not seem to spoil appetites either for flesh or for spirit. It was a very lively and agreeable reunion in spite of thunder. The lightning struck several houses hard by, and did much mischief in this neighborhood. The rains, which have been frequent, have kept our verdure fresh and beautiful, and we have had as yet no taste of the drought on which we have to reckon in common summers. D. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 739, opens with a very interesting scientific paper, from *Blackwood*, on "Blood." It contains also the *Athenæum*'s review of Bancroft's last volume, and a variety of other articles selected with reference to the wants of the American readers. Boston: Littell, Son & Co. New York: Stanford and Delisser, 508 Broadway.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE *for July* contains the following articles:

The Soldier and the Surgeon.
The Poorbeah Mutiny: The Punjab.—No. V.
What will he do with it?—Part XIV.
The First Bengal European Fusiliers at Lucknow.
A Plea for the Principalities.
My First and Last Novel.
The Great Imposture.
Mr. Dusby's Opinions on Art.

L. Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street.

HUMBOLDT.—The German papers publish an extract from a letter addressed by Baron Humboldt to M. Froebel, who is well known as a defender of the negro in America, in which he recommends him to continue to struggle against "that imposture called the importation of free negroes, which is only a pretext for encouraging slave-hunting in Africa." After this decisive expression of his opinion, the illustrious author of "Cosmos" exclaims, "What dreadful things a man who has lived from 1789 to 1858 is condemned to see!"

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

Summary.

DARK.—A New England writer, speaking of the characteristics of different races of people, says that it has been found that negroes can be better trusted than white men not to betray secrets. We suppose this is upon the principle that they always "keep dark."

AN INFANT ASLEEP.

How soft and fresh he breathes!
Look, he is dreaming! Visions sure of joy
Are gladdening his rest; and ah, who knows
But waiting angels do converse in sleep
With babes like this! ARTHUR C. COXE.

A magistrate in Prince William County, Virginia, John Underwood by name, has been refused a seat on the bench by his associates, on account of his being suspected of "abolition sentiments." Such is the kind of freedom of opinion they enjoy in Virginia.

CALIFORNIA TREES.—Another cluster of immense trees, twenty-five in number, have been discovered on the route to the Yosemite Falls. The largest is thirty-six feet in diameter, but only about one hundred feet of the trunk is standing, the trunk having been blown off. The next largest is 33½ feet in diameter, and probably 275 feet high.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.—The Hannibal (Mo.) *Messenger* says:

"Well, the result of the agitation that is beginning in this State, and which is now advocated as zealously as it was denounced twelve months ago, will be the emancipation of the slaves. Agitation will keep slaveholders out of Missouri and draw Free State men into it. This is the natural and inevitable consequence."

A slave was tried in New Orleans, last week, for stabbing another slave, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and to receive ten lashes every sixty days during that period. Another slave, for stabbing a fellow-servant, was sentenced to wear an iron collar three months, and to receive twenty-five lashes.

Judge Leavitt, in his charge to the jury in the case of Connelly, at Cincinnati, said that "Christian charity was not within the meaning or intent of the Fugitive Slave law, and it would not, therefore, answer as a defence for violating the law." This is an admission which shows the infamous nature of that law in a clearer light than any of its enemies have ever depicted it.—*Independent.*

COLORED SPEAKER MOBBED AT XENIA.—The colored population of Xenia, Ohio, is quite large and has received heavy additions through the establishment of a colored seminary at Tawawa. The Xenia *News* has recently denounced this portion of the population, and created some excitement. A colored speaker, addressing a mixed audience on slavery, was suddenly pelted with rotten eggs, when he thought it discreet to get out of the back window.

The *Southerner* speaks of a man who recently died, leaving all his property to his sons if they should be Democrats. That old fellow evidently took a hint from the Greek philosopher who bequeathed a large fortune to his children if they would prove to be fools, for, said he, if they are wise men, they will not need it.—*Louisville Journal.*

A country editor, speaking of a member of Assembly, says: "The first year he went to Albany he was so conscientious as to utterly refuse to receive his allotment of stealings, in the shape of books and stationery. The next year he did not hesitate, and finally came home unable to tell the truth under the most favorable circumstances."

TOBACCO IN EUROPE.—In his country life in Piedmont, Mr. Gallenga writes: "The Piedmontese, and indeed all Italians of the present day, smoke like Germans and spit like Yankees. Tobacco has forced back European civilization 300 years, and the vile habit is gaining ground at least south of the Alps. A smoker is of necessity an unwelcome animal, and our smokers are even fouler than the foul practice need make them."

A colored firm in Newark, N. J., having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave the following "notis" to the public: "The dissolution of co-partnerships heretofore resisting twixt me and Moses Jones, in the barber profession, am heretofo resolved. Pussons who ose must pay the inscriber. Dem what the furm ose must call on Jones, as the furm is insolved.

"LIGEN JOHNTON."

PADDY ON AFRICA.—At a negro celebration lately, an Irishman stood listening to a colored speaker, expatiating upon government and freedom; and as the orator came to a "period" from the highest and most poetical flights, the Irishman said:

"Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur; didn't he, now?"

Somebody said, "He isn't a negro, he is only a half negro."

"Only a half a nagur, is it? Well, if half a nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might bate the prophet Jeremiah?"

A SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.—The French journals publish a letter from the Cape of Good Hope, which states that an independent State, composed of white men, has lately been established in Southern Africa, under the name of the Republic of Trans-Vaal. Its citizens are composed of men from various parts of Europe, who were chased away from the Cape in revolt and made a settlement where they now are as far back as 1836.

ADMIRABLE USE OF A MAGNET.—A smith in Brighton, England, while forging a piece of iron, felt something strike his eye, and, subsequently, feeling great pain, he went to Dr. King in Palace street, who discovered that a piece of iron had embedded itself in the ball of the eye. After vainly endeavoring to extract it in the usual way, Dr. King thought of a powerful magnet which he had. He applied it to the eye, and was rejoiced at finding the piece of iron instantly removed. It was as large as a grain weight.

Slaves down South have fallen in price; "great bargains" in flesh are reported in the papers. A Mobile paper states that the Sheriff of Sumpter County sold a batch of five, a woman about 38 years of age, with three children nearly large enough to begin to work, brought $1,525. A boy, rather ordinary in appearance, 21 years old, sold for $1,000, and a girl about 22 years old, with her child, brought $1,002. Very few attended the sale, and fewer still came prepared to buy.

PULLING TEETH IN OLD TIMES.—The primitive method of abstracting teeth in Scranton is thus described by a correspondent of the *Express*:

"One end of a firm hemp string was fastened upon the aching member, while the other, securely tied around a bullet purposely notched, was put in the barrel of an old flint-lock musket, loaded with an extra charge of powder. When all was ready, the desperate operator caught hold of the gun, and 'let drive.' Out flew the tooth, and away bounded the musket several feet. This mode of extracting teeth became the chosen and only mode practised in this region for many years."

RETALIATION.—The Legislature of Texas, at its last session, passed the following act:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Texas, That the following sums be, and they are hereby, appropriated for the use and support of the State Penitentiary for the years 1858 and 1859: (After naming the various items, the law makes this further provision:) "For purchasing and putting up additional machinery, $18,000—Provided, That no part of the same shall be expended in the State of Massachusetts, nor for machinery manufactured in said State."

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.—At the recent session of the General Assembly of Connecticut the House of Representatives passed three proposed amendments to the Constitution.

1. That each town will be entitled to one Representative and no more.

2. That negroes and Indians shall be entitled to vote on an equality with the whites.

3. That all foreigners shall reside in the State one year after they are naturalized before they can be admitted as voters.

THE "INFERIOR RACE."—The *Scientific American*, some time since, contained an interesting account and an engraved illustration of a "magnificent project, by Mr. William Dietz, of Albany," of a new railroad for Broadway. It turns out, according to Douglass's paper, that Mr. William Dietz, of Albany, is a colored man. Suppose his invention should get patented, or be sold to our city corporation, or Mr. Dietz should be employed to construct a railroad on the model, would it be held that the scientific inventor has "no rights which white men are bound to respect?"—*Radical Abolitionist.*

Speaking of Governor Stewart, of Missouri, getting drunk and getting beaten in a groggery the other day, the Washington *Republic* is reminded of a story:

"The deacon of a church, upon whom a new pastor had been settled, was praising his many good qualities to the deacon of a neighboring church. He declared that their new minister had but one fault in the world, and that was a propensity to become a little quarrelsome when he was drunk."

WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY?—The name of the Rev. H. W. Beecher is excluded from a list of celebrated living preachers in the two heavy octavos of pulpit eloquence recently published, and has no place in a volume of noted revival sermons just sent forth from the very scene of his labors. So, too, the name of Wendell Phillips is not found in the volume entitled "The Hundred Orators of Boston." Yet Mr. Phillips is as great an orator as either of the hundred, and Mr. Beecher as great a preacher as either in the two octavos.—*Salem (Mass.) Observer.*

STRAIGHT-HAIRED SLAVES.—James Banks, Esq., member of the bar at Fayettville, N. C., is in Cleveland, to carry out the will of the late Mrs. Perry, who appointed Mr. Banks to see that her six slaves, Caroline Perry and her five children, have their freedom and $10,000, as soon as the estate is settled. Mr. Banks brings the freed persons here—arranges with Judge Tilden to receive the money when he shall send it, and pay it over to and advise the new settlers how to invest it. The children are very light-complexioned, with straight hair.

A NAP IN A WHEEL-HOUSE.—One of the hands on the steamer Empire State—an Irishman, named John Flannigan—on Monday last, being unable to sleep in the forecastle on account of the heat, found a cool retreat in the wheel-house, where he was soon fast asleep. When he awoke he found the steamer was in motion, and escape impossible. He was deluged with water, and in danger of being killed by the wheel in case he lost his hold on the timbers. His shouts were unheard, and he remained in his uncomfortable predicament twelve hours, till the boat reached Newport, when his yells were heard, and he was relieved. Probably he won't want to take a nap in a wheel-house very soon again.

How things have changed in three "little" years! Then, Mr. Delavan, and his followers, could not vote for Judge Harris or Mr. Patterson (both rigid Temperance men), because they were either too long or too short for Mr. D.'s Procrustean Bed; yet now the "Delevan House," for the support of which the whole temperance and religious community had been laid under contribution, is a "first-rate hotel," with a bar where rum, brandy and gin, champagne, Madeira and sherry, "cocktails," "juleps" and "smashers" are made and sold, amid the explosion of corks and the click of billiard balls. And all this goes on with Mr. Delevan's approbation, he being an inmate as well as owner of the House, receiving the wages of this "infernal traffic" in increased rents!—*Albany Evening Journal.*

DISMISSAL OF A MINISTER—SERIOUS (?) CHARGES.—The "Consociation" of Congregational ministers for the district of Stamford, Ct., have dissolved the connection of Rev. Mr. Elliott, of that borough, with his society. Reasons: Mr. Elliott's church were greatly exercised against him because he allowed his wife to send, on a Sunday evening, to the milliner's for a bonnet, which she needed to wear away by the early Monday morning train to New York; also, because he slapped a boy's ears in the street for swearing at him; further, because he, in company with some of his children, nephews and neices, visited the Ravels in New York; lastly, because he preached too many old sermons.

THE SPEECH OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.—We have not been able to get a correct report of this Independence-day speech, delivered at the Big Glade in Madison County, but we have understood by a friend that he gave the bog

Miscellaneous Department.

A CURSE FOR A NATION.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Prologue.

I heard an angel speak last night,
And he said, "Write!
Write a Nation's curse for me,
And send it over the Western Sea."

I faltered, taking up the word—
"Not so, my lord!
If curses must be, choose another
To send thy curse against my brother.

"For I am bound by gratitude,
In love and blood,
To brothers of mine across the sea,
Who have stretched out kindly hands to me."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write
My curse to-night!
From the summits of love a curse is driven,
As lightning from the tops of heaven."

"Not so!" I answered. "Evermore
My heart is sore
For my own land's sins! for the little feet
Of children bleeding along the street.

"For parked-up honors, that gainsay
The right of way!
For almsgiving through a door that is
Not open enough for two friends to kiss.

"For an oligarchic parliament,
And classes rent.
What curse to another land assign,
When heavy-souled for the sins of mine?"

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write
My curse to-night!
Because thou hast strength to see and hate
An ill thing done within thy gate."

"Not so!" I answered once again—
"To curse, choose men;
For I, a woman, have only known
How the heart melts and the tears run down."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write
My curse to night!
There are women who weep and curse, I say
(And no one marvels), night and day.

"And thou shalt take their part to-night—
Weep and write!
A curse from the depths of womanhood
Is very salt, and bitter, and good."

So thus I wrote, and mourned indeed,
What all may read;
And thus, as was enjoined on me,
I send it over the Western Sea.

THE CURSE.

I.

Because ye have broken your own chain
With the strain
Of brave men climbing a Nation's height,
Yet thence bear down with chain and thong
On the souls of others—for this wrong
This is the curse—write!

Because yourselves are standing straight
In the State
Of Freedom's foremost ocolyte,
Yet keep calm footing all the time
On writhing bond-slaves—for this crime
This is the curse—write!

Because ye prosper in God's name,
With a claim
To honor in the whole world's sight,
Yet do the fiend's work perfectly
On babes and women—for this lie
This is the curse—write!

II.

Ye shall watch while kings conspire
Round the people's smouldering fire,
And, warm for your part,
Shall never dare—O shame!
To utter the thought into flame
Which burns at your heart.
This is the curse—write!

Ye shall watch while Nations strive
With the bloodhounds—die or survive—
Drop faint from their jaws,
Or throttle them backward to death,
And only under your breath
Shall ye bless the cause.
This is the curse—write!

Ye shall watch while strong men draw
The nets of feudal law
To strangle the weak;
Ye shall count the sin for a sin,
But your soul shall be sadder within
Than the word which ye speak.
This is the curse—write!

Ye shall watch while rich men dine,
And poor men hunger and pine
For one crust in seven,
But shall quail from the signs which present
God's judgment as imminent
To make it all even.
This is the curse—write!

When good men are praying erect
That Christ may avenge his elect,
And deliver the earth,
The prayer in your ears, said low,
Shall sound like the tramp of a foe
That's driving you forth.
This is the curse—write!

When wise men give you their praise,
They shall pause in the heat of the phrase,
And sicken afar;
When ye boast your own charters keep true,
Ye shall blush!—for the thing which ye do
Derides what ye are.
This is the curse—write!

When fools write taunts on your gate,
Your scorn ye shall somewhat abate
As ye look o'er the wall;
For your conscience, tradition and name
Strike back with a deadlier blame
Than the worst of them all.
This is the curse—write!

Go! While ill deeds shall be done,
Plant on your flag in the sun
Beside the ill-doers;
And shrink from clenching the curse
Of the witnessing Universe,
With a curse of yours!
This is the curse—write!

Florence (Italy). —*Liberty Bell.*

JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

Out a voyage, voyagers. He who has travelled will travel again. The Gadabout family are incorrigible; it is impossible to convert them from their peripatetic ways. Vagabondism; seeing the world; a restless desire of change of place; an insatiable craving after new faces and fresh scenery; a mission for discoveries in Central Africa, or Central Anywhere; a passion for clearing back woods and penetrating virgin forests; a taste for continually retreating further into the bush before the advances of formal, cut-and-dried civilization; an uncontrollable impulse for pushing on, either corporeally or intellectually, either in person or spirit, into regions hitherto untrodden and strange; are instinctive propensities which it would be scarcely wise to suppress, even were it possible, seeing that the world is very much indebted to such reckless spirits as cannot sit at home at ease, either in their comfortably sung "little parlor or in their peaceful and narrow range of knowledge.

Ulysses, no doubt, greatly preferred encountering the hardships of his Odyssey to leading a quiet life at Ithaca, and teaching little Telemachus his alpha-beta. We cannot conceive bold Captain Cook confined to the round of London clubs and evening-parties, instead of discovering Otaheite, and meeting with a great navigator's death from the hands of the savage Sandwich Islanders. To Davy, his toils in the labyrinth of metallic chemistry; to Herschel, his nocturnal search into the profoundest depth of the firmament, were pleasures and delights, not pains and penalties.

We confess to a sympathy, in a humble way, with vagabonds and strollers, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, above all when we can combine the two modes of running to and fro. Consequently it is with no small pleasure that we hang on to the skirts of a travelling companion who will help us to make an agreeable tour through a track unbeaten by the multitude. Now M. Lecouturier, the head Redacteur of the Musée des Sciences at Paris, has lately started an excursion-train to visit the principal stations and the most interesting points of view in the department of Planetary Astronomy.* The entire trip is much too lengthy to be taken without halting for rest and refreshment by the way; so we will content ourselves with the briefer treat of a short half-hour's drive—a little lunar episode—at the same time availing ourselves, by the way, of other guide-books than those kindly furnished by M. Lecouturier himself.

We are arrived, then, at the surface of the moon, and a sublimely terrible scene lies before us. Nought but silence and desolation reigns throughout our short-lived satellite. Although far younger than her mother, earth, who still continues vigorous and green, she is already stiff, stark and inanimate. That the moon is considerably junior to the earth is no modern phantasy. In ancient times, the Arcadians, who wished to be considered the most ancient of all existing nations, conceived the clever dea of enriching their coats of arms and heightening their nobility, by claiming descent from ancestors who lived at an epoch when the earth had no attendant moon. They assumed the title of Proseleni, that is anterior to the moon.

That men dwelt on earth before the birth of the moon is more than doubtful; it is highly improbable, for several forcible considerations, although certain terrestrial plants and animals might have enjoyed a pre-lunar existence. The latest teachings of modern science tend to prove that while chaos reigned, while the earth was without form and void, the atmosphere was so heavy, deep and thick, was in such a state of density, laden with innumerable matters which now form part of the crust of the globe, that light could not penetrate its murky veil. Darkness was upon the face of the deep. Afterwards, when the vast atmospheric laboratory had fulfilled its office, and had deposited, amongst other things, all the water which now fills the seas, there was light. But a calm was far from being established on the surface of the globe when it was first covered by the primitive waters.

* Panorama des Mondes, Astronomie Planétaire. Par M. Lecouturier. Paris, 1858.

The vibratory movements of the earth's incandescent mass did not cease then, and have not ceased yet. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and upraisings of mountains, must have been frequent. Then appeared the primæval plants, developing themselves with extraordinary vigor in the hypercarbonated atmosphere; then came the monstrous reptiles and the numerous races of marine animals, whose remains we find petrified in strata of flint and calcareous rock. The marvellous preservation, to this very day, of their minutest details of structure proves the deep tranquillity which reigned in the ocean at the epoch when these creatures met their death. There could be no tides in the antelunar seas, since the tides are owing to the moon, and the moon as yet was not. The majority of fossil animals remain so complete and uninjured in their organization that they look as if they had met with sudden death, by some general cause of suffocation, in the midst of the profoundest quiet of nature.

And then came the most fearful catastrophe which has ever occurred on the face of the earth. Will a similar cataclysm ever take place at any future time? Several very powerful arguments tend to prove that it may and will. The stupendous event was no less than this. An explosive eruption of inconceivable extent and violence shook the whole frame of the earth, and she relieved herself by shooting out into open space a mass of matter in a state of fusion, in the midst of which mass were carried away portions of the solid crust of the globe. The projected heap of fiery substance was naturally arrested at the point where the sphere of the earth's attraction ceases and that of the sun's preponderance commences; it was then carried away by the earth as she advanced in her orbit, and became henceforth her satellite. The volume of the material torn off by this fearful explosion was equivalent to, and is still equivalent to, the forty-ninth part of the earth's whole mass. This fragment of the globe was blown away from the part of the world now covered by oceans. A deep abyss was hollowed out; it filled rapidly. The waters under the heaven were gathered together unto one place, and the dry land appeared. The earth assumed somewhat of its present aspect; it brought forth grass and fruit-trees; and, above all, there rode in the firmament the lesser light to rule the night. All pre-existing animals must have been smitten at once with death; they were intombed in mud and mummified in sandstone, leaving their place unoccupied and clear for the new creation which was to follow them.

Three facts of a different nature (geological, hydrographical and astronomical) are alleged in evidence that the earth was once without a moon. Geology proves that the majority of the strata which intervene between the primitive and the diluvian formations were deposited at the bottom of perfectly tranquil waters which almost entirely enveloped the globe. But, if the seas accompanied the earth in its rotatory and progressive motion without being subject to the slightest disturbance, the reason is that the flux and influx of the tides were still unknown; in other words, the moon did not exist.

Again: the real basin of the ocean is far from having the precise extent and configuration which we behold when we walk along its shores. In the neigborhood of low lands, the depth of the sea gradually increases up to a certain distance, when you suddenly come upon a precipitous submarine cliff, which plunges perpendicularly, and the waters beyond it are bottomless; that is, the bottom becomes impossible or difficult to fathom. In other localities, at the foot of lofty sea-washed cliffs composed of primitive rock, these immeasurable depths are immediately met with. The space inclosed within these gigantic walls of granite constitutes the veritable basin of the ocean. The fact is inexplicable on the theory of a gradual upheaving of the earth's outer shell; because the edge of the ocean's basin is not inclined, but vertical. Its sides are exactly like the broken edge of an exploded bomb. A portion of the terrestrial crust has clearly been either forced out or knocked in; but it cannot have been driven in, because its borders would be oblique and not perpendicular; they would offer a resemblance to a chain of mountains overthrown. But if this very large portion of the earth's shell has not been crushed in (and it is most probable that it has not), but has been blown out and away, where has it gone to? We behold it shining overhead.

Thirdly: if the moon be a confused agglomeration of solid and melted substances violently discharged from off and out of the earth, it ought to be bristling with mountains proportionally loftier than our own; and such is the fact. It ought to have a volcanic aspect; and such is the fact. Containing heaps of pumice-stone and ashes exploded pell-mell, its density ought to be less than the earth's; and such is the fact.

But now that we are on the moon, let us take advantage of the opportunity and look around. It is the abomination of desolation, a solid, desert, silent heap of ruins, never refreshed by a drop of moisture nor fanned by a breath of air. The monotonous black sky is never overspread with mists nor traversed by the lightning's flash. The hills never echo the pealing of thunder, the cries of wild animals, nor the howling of tempests. There is a perfect stillness and a perfect immobility to which that of the tomb offers no comparison. There is no atmosphere, no respirable air; there are no seas, lakes, nor rivers; no clouds, rain, nor dew; no change of seasons; no showers, hail nor snow, since there is no water.

An atmosphere is the link which connects animals with vegetables; what the one gives out into the air, the others absorb from it; in point of fact, it may be said that, as far as their organic elements are concerned, plants and animals, deriving their substance from the air, are nothing else but condensed air. But the moon has no atmosphere, and consequently no plants or animals. There is not the slightest trace of vegetation, not even the gray or yellow lichens which are found on the sunburnt rocks of an African desert. There is no heaped-up pile of materials which is not due to unaided chance; there is not the least apparent symmetry of form which can indicate any purpose on the part of an operator. There are only lofty barren mountains, the fragments of our exploded globe, cemented together by volcanic lava or split into unfathomable chinks and crevices. The land has the aspect of a volcanic country; it merely bears the impress of its birth. There are vast circular crater-like hollows; but they are merely concavities and depressions produced by the contraction of the moon's substance during the process of cooling. We see others like them, on a smaller scale, in a multitude of matters; in metal, rosin, fat and wax, which gradually pass from a liquid to a solid state by the loss of heat. The moon has become torpid by the radiation of the whole of her native warmth. She has died of cold, if you will; she is frozen to death.

On earth we have no veritable death, like that which reigns throughout the moon; we have only change of form and constitution. We have not that condition of absolute repose, that unalterable stillness, that unchanging rigidity, that sterile, atmosphereless, arid state of fixed solidity, which constitutes the death of the moon. What we call a dead body is not dead; an ancient Egyptian mummy tries hard to attain a real death, in vain. Were it truly dead, it would remain the same as it was at the moment when death seized it, for thousands and thousands of years; it would continue the same dead body forever. But it corrupts, it decomposes. Now, corruption is a force, a potent agent, which is the harbinger of life to come; and thus the corruptible puts on incorruption, and the mortal puts on immortality. In the moon, there appears to be neither life, nor death, nor change, nor renovation; there is stable equilibrium—a negation of every vital movement—and that is all.

Only one face of the moon is visible to dwellers on earth, namely, that which is constantly turned towards us. This face has been carefully mapped, and names have been given to all the most considerable mountains (for whom the greatest philosophers have stood godfather), as well as to numerous plains and hollows, which were called, by the first observers, seas. Of the mountains, one thousand and ninety-five have had their height accurately measured. Thirty-nine of them are loftier than Mont Blanc; six are higher than Cotopaxi; and two reach an elevation only a little inferior to that of the topmost summits of the Himalayas. The satellite is therefore comparatively a much more mountainous country than the planet; to carry out the same proportions, the height to which our mountains tower would have to be very nearly quadrupled. Only fancy a magnified Mont Blanc of four times the perpendicular altitude of that which overlooks the vale of Chamouni!

At the foot of the lunar mountains there generally exist cavities of prodigious depth; thus Mount Newton, situated near the north limb of the moon, overtops an abyss which remains in perpetual darkness; it never receives either the direct light of the sun or the reflected light of the earth. Close to the peak of Aristarchus there must be a chasm which is unparalleled by anything on earth. A Spanish naval officer, Don Antonio Ulloa, observed, during the total eclipse of seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, a luminous point which shone successively like stars of the fourth, third and second magnitude. Ulloa explained what he had seen by supposing the sun's rays to have penetrated through a fissure in the lunar globe, whose entire depth, according to Lalande's calculations, could not have been less than two hundred and fifty miles. Ulloa's hole, although astronomers refused to acknowledge it, was again seen during the total eclipse of eighteen hundred and forty-two by Don Pedro Vieta of Barcelona, who stated the additional circumstance that the whole was crooked. While observing the same eclipse, Monsieur Valz, the learned director of the observatory at Marseilles, saw, during the total obscuration, several brilliant luminous points of the solar disc through cracks or perforations in the moon. The stream of light exactly resembled a ray of sunshine darting into a darkened room through a hole in the shutter. In this case the moon must have an open chink three hundred and fifty miles long from one aperture to the other.

But enough of these colossal horrors, which have neither life nor variety to recommend them. There is a monotony in the desolation reigning in the moon, to which scenes of earthly sublimity have but a faint and distant resemblance. Let us change the direction of our lunar prospects; let us look up to the sky—or what ought to be the sky—and there we behold the noble aspect of the earth shining overhead—an enormous globe, almost stationary in respect to its position in the heavens, although presenting the same phases of crescent, full and waning earth as the moon displays every month to us, only on a scale just thirteen times larger. What a marvellous panorama is exhibited by the earth viewed from the moon! Verily, if there really be no Selenites, or moon-men, hidden in the depths of her valleys, it is a great pity that such a magnificent spectacle should not have constant admirers instead of being only peeped at now and then by occasional enthusiastic travellers like ourselves. It may be a good thing, however, for us that there should be no moonites in existence; for if they took any offence, or bore any grudge against us, they might contrive to do us considerable damage. The weight of any substance at the surface of the moon is about five times less than it is on earth. From this datum, Lagrange and Laplace calculated that if the moonites had sufficient industry and manufacturing resources to fabricate large pieces of artillery, they might easily shoot the earth by taking good aim, without its being even possible for us to have our revenge by returning their cannon-balls and shooting the moon.

The aspect of the earth beheld from the moon, always gorgeous, is never the same. Before it floats a flickering drapery adorned with movable ever-changing spots, which are continually disappearing, to give place to others of fresh form and pattern. Cloudy belts are drawn in certain directions by the agency of monsoons and trade winds. Stripes diverging in other directions are the traces of the polar gales, which rush towards the temperate zones, sweeping the heaving masses of mist and vapor before them. The freaks and violence of the untamed winds give to our planet a more singular and changeable aspect than that of Jupiter as we behold him striped across with transverse bands or belts. In consequence of these continual alterations of the outer veil, it rarely is possible to catch a complete view of the configuration of our continents or of the exact limits of our wide-spread oceans. Lunar students of terrestial geography, unable ever to obtain at once an entire view of either of our hemispheres, might nevertheless construct an accurate map by noting down the details of various countries as they present themselves from time to time, and then combining the fragments into a whole. It would simply be an exercise of the same mental powers which a child exerts when he fits together his puzzle map of England, finding its proper place for every one of the counties which have been mingled pell-mell in the box. Selenite members of the Geographical Society enjoy the great advantage of having a full view of localities which are all but inaccessible to us. They are able to inspect Central Africa with less fatigue than Doctor Livingstone, and they can form an idea of what the North Pole is like without sharing the sad fate of Franklin.

But while the outlines of the earth's disc are vague and difficult to determine, her coloring is decided and strongly contrasted. At each pole of the shining planet is a vast white spot which offers a singular phenomenon. Although perpetually there, and never effaced, they periodically vary in size, reassuming their original appearance, after the completion of the three hundred and sixty-five revolutions on its own axis, which constitute the terrestial year. In proportion as the white spot on one pole diminishes, that of the opposite pole increases; it is as if one of the rival powers reconquered a portion of ground exactly equal to that lost by the other, so that they advance and retreat reciprocally, maintaining, on the whole, between the two, an equal amount of territory. Nevertheless, the northern white spot is always considerably smaller than the southern. To Selenites, who have no notion or knowledge of water and ice, the variations of these two white spots must remain an impenetrable mystery. We, who observe the same phenomenon in the planet Mars, can easily account for it.

In short, the earth's complexion is brilliant, coming and going as her sentiments, her passions and the state of her health vary. She turns brightly pale when and where it is winter, and blushes tenderly green under the influence of spring. The divers colors of the different parts of our globe change, like the hues of a magic lantern, according as they are reflected from an arctic circle or a torrid zone, a continent or a sea, a sandy desert or a leafy forest, a mountain or a plain, and even from an Old World or a New. The regular return, once in every four-and-twenty hours, of these richly-tinted spots, to the same position, demonstrates at once to moonite philosophers what has given men so much trouble to establish, the fact of the earth's revolution on her axis. It does more; it provides sojourners on the moon with the most magnificent clock that was ever imagined. It is gigantic, permanent, and keeps perfect time; it never stops, and never requires winding up. The rotation of the earth in four-and-twenty hours replaces the hand which travels round the dial plate. Every fixed spot, situated at a different terrestrial longitude, is a number which marks the hours and minutes, as it passes over this or that lunar meridian. The spots which at any given moment make their appearance at the edge of the earth's disc will be situated, six hours afterwards, exactly on the straight line which passes from pole to pole, through the centre of the disc; and six hours afterwards they will have reached the opposite edge of the disc, and will then immediately disappear. Every spot takes exactly four-and-twenty hours to return to the lunar meridian which it has passed. In order to ascertain the hour and its divisions by looking at this admirable clock-face, all that is required is to know the time it takes for the different spots to pass from one meridian to another. The appearance of a spot, as well as its disappearance, also suffices to tell what o'clock—or rather, what on earth—it is. A visitor to the moon would reckon the hour of the day by watching the passage of the earth's spots over the lunar meridian, by exactly the same method as he employs at home, when he lays down the rule that fifteen degrees to the east is an hour later, and fifteen degrees to the west an hour earlier than at the place where it happens to be. Thus, when it is noon on the meridian of Paris, it is one o'clock on that of Upsal, and two o'clock on that of Suez.

Unfortunately for residents on the moon, the earth is visible from only one of its (the moon's) hemispheres. That hemisphere is especially privileged; it knows no real night. When sunshine fails, the earth-shine supplies its place with a light equal to thirteen times that of our full moon-light when the sky is clearest. And the earth benevolently beams not light only, but also warmth. It has at least been ascertained beyond doubt that the rays of the moon do transmit a feeble but observable amount of heat; the larger and hotter mass of the earth must dart on the moon considerably more than thirteen times the heat reflected from our satellite under the most favorable circumstances. Moonites, then, might well be excused for worshipping the earth in the amplitude of her splendor. Those who dwelt on the hemisphere whereon their queen-like planet is invisible might be supposed to perform pilgrimages, at least once in their lives, to adore so magnificent a luminary. The journey, after all, is of no extraordinary length from the most distant central point—nine hundred miles; not nearly so great as faithful Mussulmen undertake, from the extremities of Asia or Africa, to visit Mecca, where they are rewarded by the sight of a big black stone of (it is said) no remarkable pretensions to beauty.

But the resplendent, open-countenanced earth, who shines so benignantly on the pallid moon, still shines in vain, as far as the moon is concerned; because hers is the pallor of inanimation. The illuminator and the illuminated are separated by the width of the fathomless gulf which forms the boundary between life and death. Now that the equilibrium of heat is established throughout our satellite, her whole mass remains inert and motionless; she is a mummified corpse; whereas the earth is still lively and vigorous. In her time, she has proved herself even dangerously energetic and may so prove herself again. We are treading on very tender ground when we walk over her surface; as will be clear if we believe her interior to consist of a spheroidal mass in a state of igneous fusion, whose diameter equals one hundred and twenty-five times the thickness of her solid crust. Certainly, it is within the bounds of truth to say that the earth's shell offers, in strict proportion, no more resistance than that of an egg. All the phenomena of past ages, as well as all the phenomena occurring in our own times—that is to say, the whole force of analogy—are opposed to the opinion that the actual surface of our globe is in a state of perpetual stability. The earthquakes which swallow up villages and towns, and the torrents of lava which boil from the lips of volcanoes, to spread themselves over the calcined fields, inculcate a very different idea. With the future fate of the crust of the earth is involved the fate of the races of animals sustained by it. We may live, therefore, mentally secure and confident; but we must not forget that we are not in perfect and certain surety, and that a new satellite may one day be shot out into space from the entrails of the earth, and may destroy, in one single instant, by that convulsion, the whole audacious race of Japhet.

Is it possible to calculate the epoch of any new break-up of the present state of things? And can we guess in what way it is likely to take place? To the first question, a negative reply must be given. We cannot predict its date. It would require a multitude of new geological observations and discoveries to resolve the problem in a manner at all approaching to be satisfactory. Meanwhile, it must be allowed that the awful phenomenon may take place to-morrow, as likely as a thousand or a hundred thousand years hence. The second inquiry may be answered, by the help of analogy, with considerable probability of being approximately true. The animals at present existing on the earth may disappear in consequence of the action of subterranean fire. The burning spheroid, which constitutes the major portion of our globe, might explode and shoot out a second satellite into empty space, without the solar system suffering thereby the slightest momentary disturbance; but not without the earth's receiving a terrible shock, which would reduce every town and every human edifice to dust; which would utterly destroy mankind by the outbreak of internal fire, by the crash of ruins, or by the overwhelming sweep of outpoured oceans. Either the concussion might be sufficiently violent to break up the earth into fragments and to give birth to new telescopic planets, like Juno, Vesta, and the rest of them, or she might resist the violence of the blow, and our spheroid might melt and then solidify against the shell at present existing. In that case, its centre of gravity would be invariable, and the earth would probably have a rotatory movement round the sun, similar to that of her satellite round herself; namely, an endless summer and an endless day would fall to the share of one hemisphere, while eternal night and winter would envelop the other hemisphere in everduring shade. But in which ever way this fearful catastrophe took place, its necessary consequence would be the total extinction of every existing race of animals. Would other races succeed to them? And would the human race, in particular, be replaced by another set of rational beings less imperfect than our own? Analogy answers, Yes! but the Great Ruler of the universe alone can tell whether analogy suggests a true or a false belief.

Very many learned men have made themselves perfectly easy respecting the future condition of the earth. Its present state, they take for granted, will henceforth remain invariable; the grand cataclysms, which have broken it up at former epochs, will never occur again, and human intelligence has nothing to do but to develop itself regardless of the future; for what the earth is today, it will remain forever. Such an opinion of the stability of the actual order of earthly things is doubtless consolatory, and is well adapted to tranquillize our minds respecting the lot of future generations; but the optimists must allow others to differ from their views. It is scarcely a logical conclusion to deduce future tranquillity from repeated antecedent convulsions; and therefore Monsieur A. Passy, in his "Geological Description of the Seine Inférieure," is justified in asserting that the causes which produced the first crust of the earth, and which have repeatedly broken up its second envelope, although restrained in their action, are nevertheless far from being exhausted. And Monsieur Elie de Beaumont states his belief, that it is impossible to be assured that the period of tranquillity apparently so stable, in which we live will not one day be interrupted by the sudden apparition of a grand chain of mountains; another savant ventures to add, and by the birth of one or several satellites. And thus, the boldest deductions of modern science accord with the declarations of Holy Writ, that the earth shall one day melt with fervent heat, and that there shall be new heavens, and a new earth.—*Household Words.*

TO ——.

ON RECEIVING HIS "FEW VERSES FOR A FEW FRIENDS."
("Printed, not published.")

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Well thought! Who would not rather hear
The songs to love and friendship sung
Than those which move the stranger's tongue
And feed his unelected ear?

Our social joys are more than fame;
Life withers in the public look;
Why mount the pillory of a book,
Or barter comfort for a name?

Who in a house of glass would dwell,
With curious eyes at every pane?
To sing him in and out again
Who wants the public crier's bell?

To see the angel in one's way,
Who wants to play the ass's part,
Bear on his back the wizard Art,
And in his service speak or bray?

And who his manly locks would shave
And quench the eyes of common sense,
To share the noisy recompense
That mocked the shorn and blinded slave?

The heart has needs beyond the head,
And, starving in the plenitude
Of strange gifts, craves its common food,
Our human nature's daily bread.

We are but men: no gods are we
To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak,
Each separate, on his painful peak,
Thin-cloaked in self-complacency!

Better his lot whose axe is swung
In Wartburg woods, or that poor girl's
Who by the linn her spindle whirls
And sings the songs that Luther sung,

Than his, who, old and cold and vain,
At Weimar sat, a demigod,
And bowed with Jove's imperial nod
His votaries in and out again!

Ply, Vanity, thy winged feet!
Ambition, hew thy rocky stair!
Who envies him who feeds on air
The icy splendors of his seat?

I see your Alps above me cut
The dark, cold sky—and dim and lone
I see ye sitting, stone on stone,
With human senses dulled and shut.

I could not reach you, if I would,
Nor sit among your cloudy shapes;
And (spare the fable of the Grapes
And Fox) I would not, if I could.

Keep to your lofty pedestals!
The safer plain below I choose:
Who never wins can rarely lose,
Who never climbs as rarely falls.

Let such as love the eagle's scream
Divide with him his home of ice:
For me shall gentler notes suffice—
The valley-song of bird and stream.

The pastoral bleat, the drone of bees,
The flail-beat chiming far away,
The cattle-low at shut of day,
The voice of God in leaf and breeze!

Then lend thy hand, my wiser friend,
And help me to the vales below,
(In truth I have not far to go)
Where sweet with flowers the fields extend.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER SICK IN HAMBURG.—Madame Ida Pfeiffer, whose singular peregrinations in barbarous regions have long occupied the public, has just found a pillow in the hospital of Hamburg, where Dr. Tungel is treating her for chronic ague, caught at Madagascar.

——A most excellent sermon was preached in the parish church of Crowle, by the Rev. Henry Phillips, R. A., from "Except ye repent, ye will all likewise perish." Amongst the congregation was a female who was dull of hearing, and on her return home she told her husband that the reverend gentleman had taken for his text—"Except you pay your rent, you must go to the parish."—*Hull (Eng.) Advertiser.*

——GREEK ANTIQUITIES.—A letter from Athens states that a peasant of the Peloponessus, while lately digging in a field, found two antique statues in a good state of preservation and of remarkably fine execution. One represents Apollo bearing a lyre, and the other a handsome young female. They both appear to have belonged to the time of Praxiteles, and their renown has already become so great in Greece that a great number of persons have gone to see them. The English Minister at Athens went to the place on first hearing of the discovery, and it is thought, the letter states, that they eventually will enrich the British Museum.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

——NO PREJUDICES OF COLOR.—In his recent abolition speech, Lord Brougham related the following anecdote:

"Lord Lyndhurst gave me a short time since an anecdote of a gentleman who was connected with the Hague, and who, on one occasion, received an invitation to the house of a Cuban gentleman, a negro proprietor of a large estate, where he was received with the utmost hospitality, and treated elegantly. He said he was rather entertained when, after dinner was over, his colored host said that he was a man without any prejudice whatever, and that whenever he found a person honest, honorable and respectable in every point of view, he held out the hand of fellowship to him, even though his color was as white as that table-cloth."

——A PASSION FOR SKATING.—The happiest season of the year for Klopstock was when the wintry breeze sweeps over the ice-bound stream. Skating was his passion, and many an ode proves the delight this exercise afforded him. Scarcely had the ice lightly covered rill or lake when he commenced his favorite diversion. Every piece of water in the neighborhood was familiar to him, and he counted the moments till all were sufficiently frozen to allow of his skimming over their surface. He looked down with mingled pity and contempt on those who disdained this noble sport, and defended both its antiquity and its merits with an enthusiasm at once ardent and amusing. Nex to his own countrymen he esteemed the Dutch, because they had nobly broken the yoke of tyranny, and were first-rate skaters.—*Poets and Poetry of Germany.*

——HOW TO KEEP RATS OUT OF YOUR DWELLINGS.—Let the bricklayers secure all the holes, and put the drains in complete repair, and after that well line them with a thick layer of cement. But if they are very much dilapidated, it will be much cheaper and much safer to have them done with pottery drain-pipe, with a trap at the end—for pottery-pipe is entirely proof against the teeth and claws of rats; while, on the other hand, they will gnaw through both lead and zinc. But should you have them repaired with brick, let him run iron gratings in grooves, at the ends; then, if at any time there should be a stoppage, it will only be necessary to draw up the gratings, and the obstruction is removed; but be sure to let them down directly after. By this means the rats will be kept most effectually out of your premises, and all the annoyances and expenses they otherwise incur be entirely obviated.—*Rats; their History.*

——AN OUTSPOKEN EPITAPH.—A remarkably outspoken one, from a monument in Horsleydown Church, in Cumberland, runs as follows: "Here lie the bodies of Thomas Bond and Mary his wife. She was temperate, chaste and charitable; but she was proud, peevish and passionate. She was an affectionate wife and tender mother, but her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown, while she received visitors whom she despised with an endearing smile. Her behavior was discreet towards strangers, but imprudent in her family. Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding, but at home by ill-temper." And so the epitaph runs on to considerable length, acknowledging the good qualities of the poor woman, but killing each by setting against it some peculiarly unamiable trait. I confess that my feeling is quite turned in her favor by the unmanly assault which her brother (the author of the inscription) has thus made upon the poor dead woman. If you cannot honestly say good of a human being on his gravestone, then say nothing at all.—*Fraser's Magazine for July.*

——SOME OAKS IN ENGLAND.—The Parliament Oak, in Clipstone Park, is said to be 1,500 years old. The park existed before the Conquest, and belongs to the Duke of Portland. The tallest oak was the same nobleman's property, and was called the "Duke's Walking-Stick," and was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak in England is the Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire; it measures seventy-eight feet in circumference at the ground. The Three Shires Oak, at Worksop, is called so from its forming part of the Counties of York, Nottingham and Derby. This tree had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, dropping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelenos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810; the bark brought £200, and its timber £670. In the mansion of Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room, forty-two feet long and twenty-seven broad, the floor and wainscot of which were the produce of a single tree, an oak, grown on the estate.—*Sir W. Symonds.*

——THE CRYSTAL PALACE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The choral performance, announced some time back as "The Great Musical Festival of 1858," came off yesterday. By far the greatest performance was the Old Hundredth Psalm; and, next to it, Tallis's chant, "Venite, exultemus." The effect of this simple old music was overpowering. In those choruses which were intermixed with solo parts it was judicious to have those parts for female voices, for their voices travel farther and are better heard than those of males. Madame Clara Novello did wonders, as she did last year; her clear, liquid notes floated through the air most marvellously. The only solo for a male voice was Reeves's Philistine war-song in *Eli*, which he shouted with astonishing energy (for which he was rewarded with a loud encore), but it had not the tithe of the power which it has in Exeter Hall. The influx of visitors was very great, 20,000 people being present. The arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the public appeared to be admirable; and, thanks to this circumstance and the beauty of the day, everything passed off most pleasantly.

——AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.—The conduct of certain youngsters who consider that they alone have a right to talk in company, reminds me of the awful satire of Charles Lamb upon a "pompious" young ass in the English navy, who mainly monopolized the conversation at a hospitable table of a friend in Camden-town where Lamb was an honored guest. "That is a most extraordinary circumstance which you mention," said Lamb; "I wonder he had not immediately ceased to exist." "Oh no-o, not at all; a mere *bullet*-wound, don't you see; but a ball—a *cannon* ball, don't you observe, is a different matter! Once, on the 'Terrific Johanusbull' (478 gun-ship, ye know), there was a sailaw who mounted the swawouds—a ball came and took off his 'ands and arms.

"He dwopped, of caws; but *while* he was dwopping, don't ye see, there came *another* cannon-ball, which struck him abaaft, and took off both of his legs. It couldn't possibly 'ave 'appened, you observe, in ten cases out of five, in the most tewifick engagement." "Wonderful!" exclaimed Lamb, "and you *saw* this yourself!" "I saw it as plain, p'raps on the 'ole, plainer than what I see you at this *moment*." "Ah! was the seaman saved? You say he dropped a 'elpless 'ulk into the hocean; but was he ultimately saved?" Good God, no!—harms gone—legs shot hoff, don't ye see?—'ow could he swim? *Lost* of caws!" "What a pity" said Lamb, musingly—"if that man had been saved *he might have become an ornament to society!*"

——TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about 9 o'clock at night, a few days ago, had their attention directed to a dark object in the churchyard. On going to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face, and apparently sound asleep over a recently made grave. Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up and asked him how he came to be there. He said he was afraid to go home, as his sister, with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him. "And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party. "In Dumbarton," was the answer. "In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off! and how came you to wander so far from home?" "I just cam'," sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here." His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking refuge at her grave in his sorrow was a beautiful touch of nature in a child who could scarcely have yet learned to realize the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself asleep.—*North British Daily Mail.*

——EMBOSSING WOOD—A NEW INVENTION.—The London Society of Arts have awarded their medal for an invention applied to embossing wood. Raised figures upon wood, such as are employed in picture frames and other articles of ornamental cabinet work, are usually produced by means of carving, or by casting the pattern in plaster of Paris, or other composition, cementing, or otherwise fixing it upon the surface. The invention referred to differs from the modes named, and may be used either by itself, or in aid of covering—its operation depending on the fact that if a depression be made by a blunt instrument on the surface of the wood, such depressed part will again rise to its original level by subsequent immersion in the water. The wood to be ornamented having been first worked out to its proper shape, is in a state of adaptation to receive the drawing of the pattern; this being put on, a blunt steel tool, or burnisher, or die, is applied successively to all those parts of the pattern intended to be in relief, and, at the same time, is driven very cautiously, without breaking the grain of the wood, till the depth of the depression is equal to the intended prominence of the figures. The ground is then reduced by planing or filing to the level of the depressed part; after which the piece of wood being placed in water, either hot or cold, the part previouly depressed will rise to its former height, forming an embossed pattern, which may be finished by the usual operations of carving.

——THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS DESTINED BRIDE.—To all present appearances our future monarch's choice of a wife is positively limited to exactly seven ladies of royal blood—unless, indeed, he selects a consort much older than himself. This will, doubtless, appear startling to some of our readers, but it is nevertheless true. The following list (compiled from authentic sources by a correspondent who has taken much pains in investigating this subject) comprises the only ladies of royal blood who, as Protestants, are eligible for the hand of the Prince of Wales: 1. Princess Alexandrina (daughter of Prince Albert of Prussia), born Feb. 1, 1842. 2. Princess Anne of Hesse-Darmstadt, niece of the Grand Duke of Hesse and of the Empress of Russia, born May 25, 1843. 3. Princess Augusta of Holstein-Glucksburg, born Feb. 27, 1844. 4. Duchess Wilhelmina of Wurtemburg, born July 11, 1844. 5. Princess Alexandra (daughter of Prince Christian) of Denmark, born Dec. 1, 1844. 6. Princess Mary of Saxe-Altenburg, born June 28, 1845. 7. Princess Catherine of Oldenburg, sister of the Grand Duchess Nicholas of Russia, born Sept. 21, 1846. Without venturing upon prophecy, we are disposed to think that No.